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blueboy

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three faces of Eros: centerfold men as SEXUAL ICONS

Randy Shilts on THE NEW THEOCRACY

HOT SHOTS at the beach

Malcolm Boyd's gay pride tribute to HARVEY MILK

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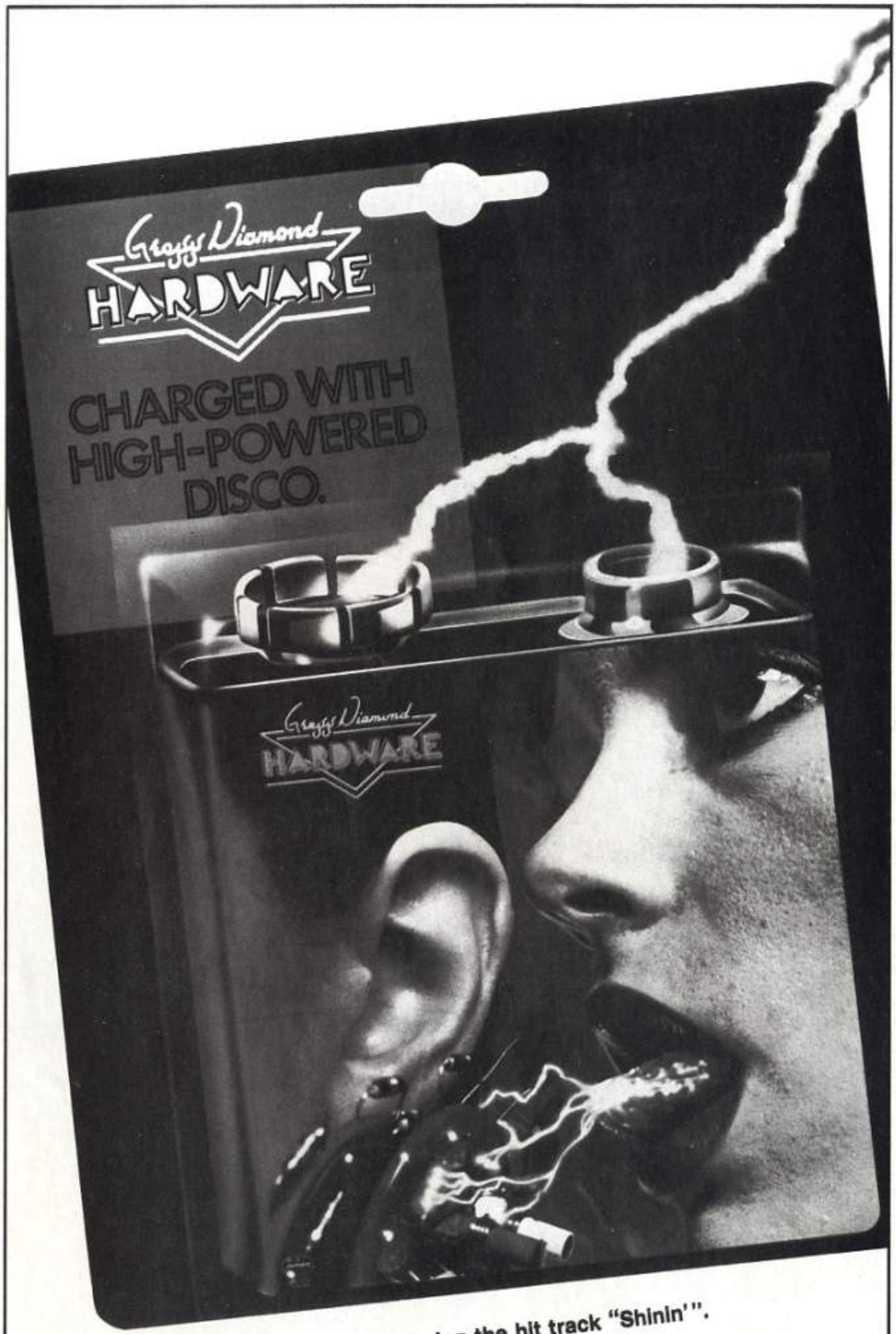

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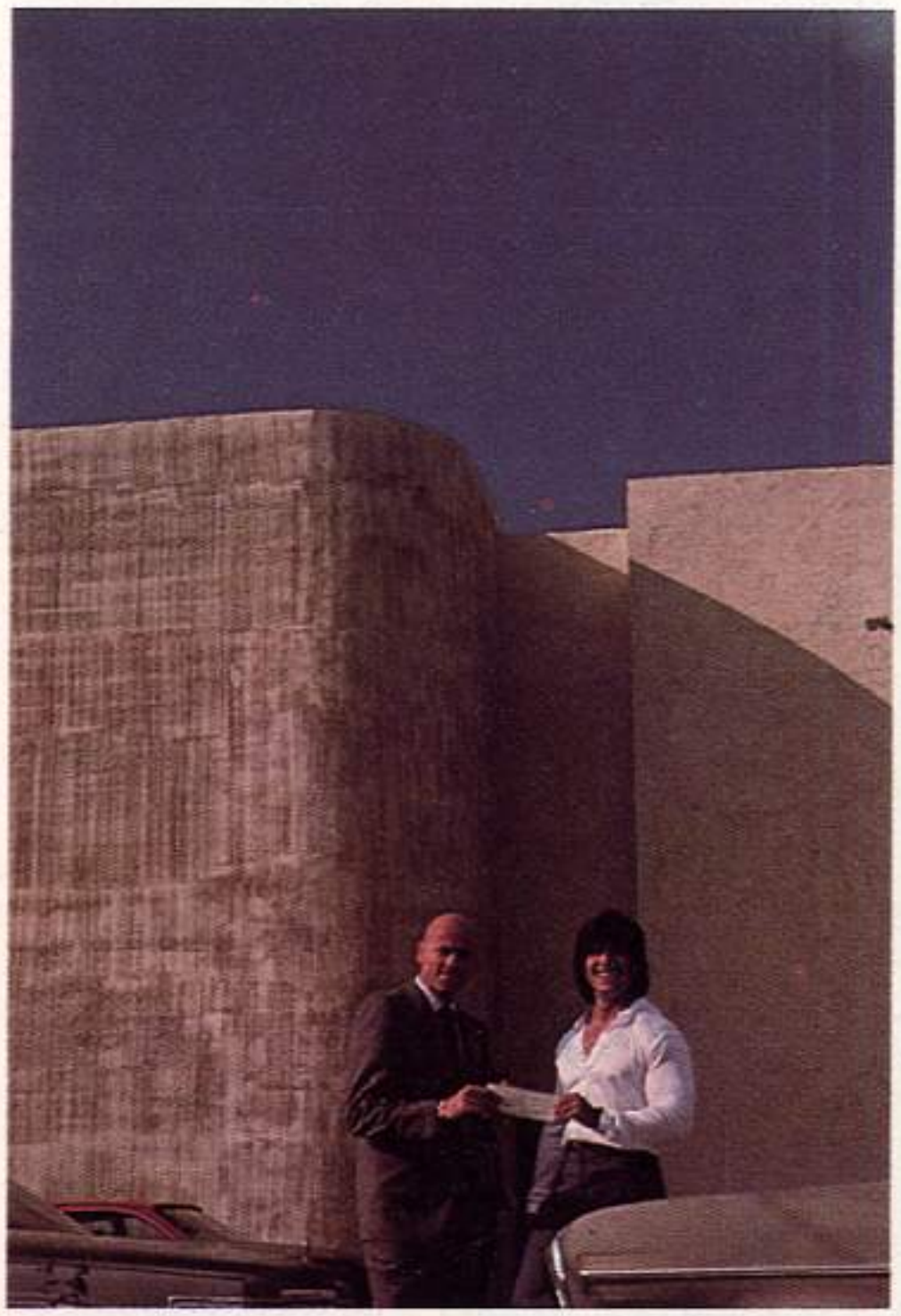
U P F R O N T

AN EDITORIAL FROM THE PUBLISHER



It was something of a landslide. The vote for the Blueboy "Man of the Year" came in steadily and finally overwhelmingly on the side of the muscular, 21-year-old John—our centerfold man from March 1978. Our thanks go to you, 11,714 voters who chose John from the 37 contestants, and our congratulations go to the Man himself, who appears in the fashion section of this issue (page 83). Ohio-born John is amused by the recognition he receives as a result of his centerfold stint and doesn't rule out the possibility of turning his obvious assets toward a Hollywood career. For the present, though, he's working as a professional drummer and studying music. "I want to be a really solid player," he told me, and I believe he will. John's fluent in three languages in addition to being the winner of several body-building contests. That kind of "well-rounded" masculinity is what being a Blueboy winner is all about. Soon, you'll be hearing about another Blueboy talent hunt: From coast to coast, our representatives will be judging local and regional contestants for the 1979 "Man of the Year." This time, we're going into 69 cities to determine finalists for a giant play-off to be held at a major New York hotel this fall. The event promises to generate extensive media coverage, and the First Prize winner will receive a whopping $10,000. ($1,000 will also go to the winner's sponsoring organization and $1,000 to the regional host bar.) It'll be the hottest awards ceremony ever, with the biggest prize money ever offered in a macho-man contest—gay *or* straight. So look for the Blueboy scouts on location in your city.

Blueboy publisher Donald Embinder with John at the new corporate headquarters in Miami.

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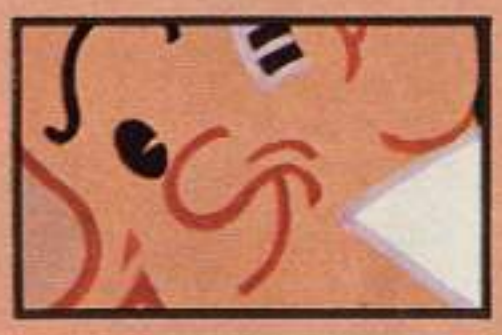
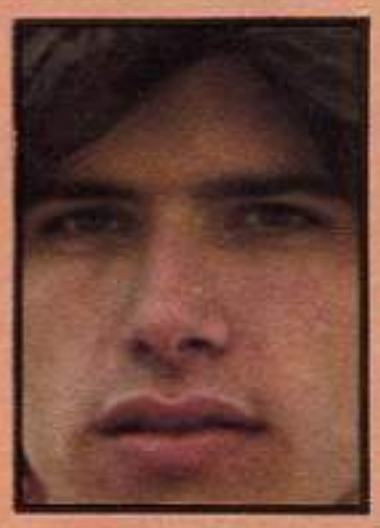
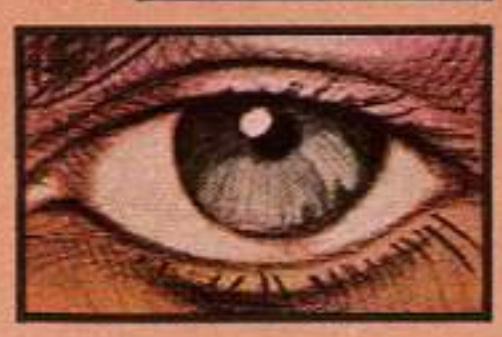
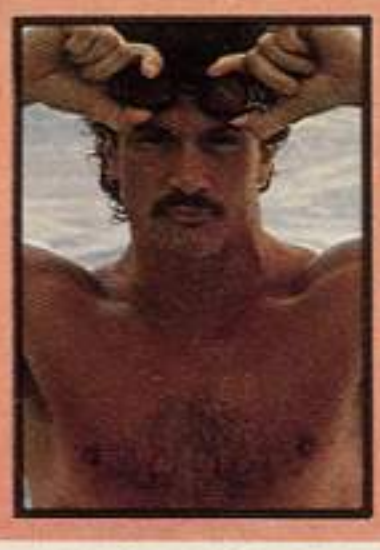
C O N T E N T S

JULY '79









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Four for the floor.

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MAILMAN

SEEN IT ALL

I've seen the frolicking in back rooms among the playful machos and witnessed the jealous mischievousness of those who make each other's lives miserable with their childish antics. Now I've seen quality and beauty in a magazine both sensual and sensitive and feel as though I'm getting a more complete picture. Thank You *Blueboy* for a wonder-filled publication.

Chicago, Illinois

YOU CARE ABOUT PEOPLE

As part of a birthday present that I received from a friend of mine who lives in Wisconsin, I got four gay magazines. They were all of high quality, but I confess that I got most enjoyment from *Blueboy*. The pictures were great and the articles were very interesting, in fact terrific. I also went for the fact that you printed a letter from a guy in prison, which goes to show that you have a feeling for people. And though you do have to make a profit for your organization, that does not seem to be your sole aim. You do care about people, an asset rarely seen in these times. Congratulations!

Ronald Stoner, London, England

NOTHING AGAINST TOTAL NUDITY

Blueboy is my favorite gay magazine. It is truly beautiful. I always look forward to the center spreads and would like to see the models wearing bathing suits, briefs, boxer shorts, pajama bottoms, jock straps, etc. from time to time as I find clothing very exciting. I have nothing against total nudity however.

I'd like to see more of Bart (March '79, page 61) and less of Lisa Powers photography. Could you also show mature models in their 30s, 40s, and 50s? Also, how about black, Latin and oriental beauties?

E. Velez, N.Y.C

LEAVE THE COWBOYS ALONE

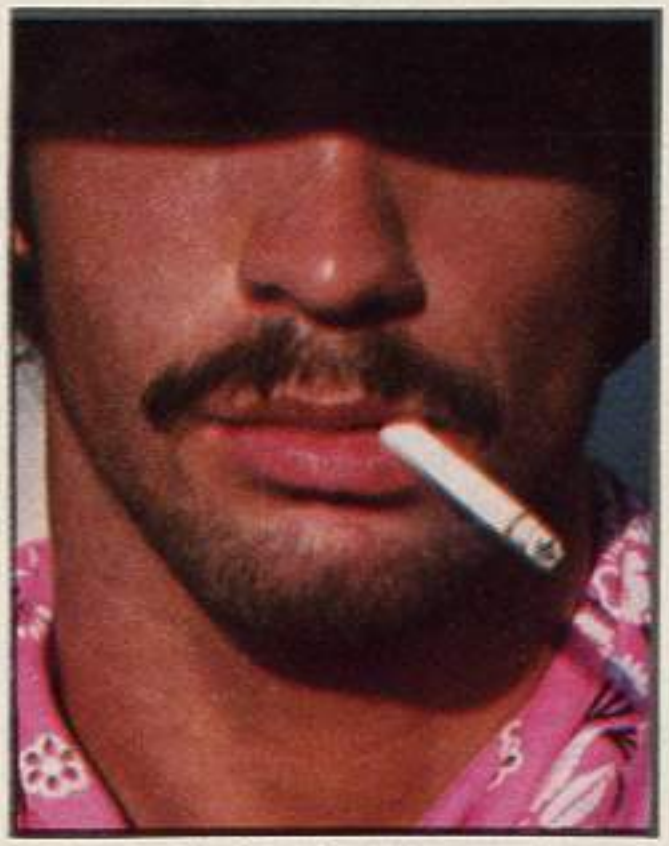
Well, you blew it this time, *Blueboy*. In your March 1979 issue, you made a complete and total washout of the American cowboy. I don't think you or any of your people know what it's like to be a real cowboy. If you're trying to portray the western lifestyle in that issue, I can just imagine what the Yankees up north are thinking now. Do me a favor. When you want to represent the gay lifestyle, stick with the disco boys and leave the cowboys alone.

Bob Lewis, Laramie, Wyoming

HEALTH IS MASCULINITY

In reference to your March issue with the smoking "cowboy" on the cover Perhaps when we stop associating cigarette smoking with masculinity, we will be healthier men—physically and emotionally.

R. Anthony, N.Y.C



THE CASTRO EXPERIENCE

Another bravo! Just want to commend you and your magazine. It is beyond a doubt becoming one of the finest—keep it up. And a special thanks to Bruce Werner for the sensitive and deservingly polite approach to The Castro (then and now) in his article, "The Myth of The Ghetto." I'm sure that the piece hit home for many readers who, like myself, were at one time or another part of the Castro experience.

Stephen Wahl, Phoenix

THANKS FOR THE SERVICE

Thank you for putting out such a fine publication month after month. Your Commentary sections have been particularly outstanding, specifically the Tyson and Goodstein ones — very thought-provoking. I believe the only way that we gay people can move ahead is to get away from the "gay vs. straight" attitude (and its concurrent segregation) and assume an attitude of honesty, integrity and understanding in our dealings with *all* people. By treating our own sexuality as something less than exceptional, others may learn the same. Again, thank you for the fine service you are performing for everyone — gay, straight, closeted and open.

Joe Helmer, Jackson, Michigan

FEAR OF BAPTISTS

There is a not so subtle form of bigotry promoted by many within the gay community, including, apparently, *Blueboy* magazine. For quite some time, since the advent of Anita Bryant, the term "Southern Baptist" or "Baptist" has been used to carry the connotation of ignorance, religious exclusivism, hyper-intolerance, and zealous ultra-conservatism. In a recent *Blueboy* publication, the author, in describing the tourist experience in Spain says, in a seemingly triumphant tone, that there are few Baptist churches in Spain! A fact hardly relevant to the article itself except to enforce the popular image of the Southern Baptist as "life-stifler."

Now, in the Mar. '79 issue, one of your "cowboys" interviewed reveals having been raised in the Southern Baptist Bible belt. Just what is the Southern Baptist Bible belt? Weren't your readers expected to conjure up a mental image of an oppressed and narrow childhood from which (thank heavens!) he escaped?

There are 13 million Southern Baptists in the U.S. The Southern Baptist Convention is the largest protestant body in the country. Southern Baptists are found in all 50 states. They are not limited to the south or to the narrow-minded and ignorant. Golden Gate Southern Baptist Seminary is located on San Francisco Bay. Southern Baptist Seminary in Louisville, KY, has been rated as academically excellent as the best theological schools in the nation, including Princeton and Yale, by neutral accreditation societies. *Every* social and cultural class is represented in the denomination including homosexuals.

(Continued on page 28)

COMMENTARY

A GUEST EDITORIAL

In order to develop a continuing, meaningful dialogue between our readers and the community-at-large, we are inviting prominent, responsible spokespersons to share their views on America's changing lifestyle. Inquiries and responses should be directed to Commentary, Blueboy Magazine, 6969 N.W. 69th St., Miami, Fla. 33166

HARVEY MILK

A TRIBUTE ON THE OCCASION OF GAY PRIDE MONTH, 1979

BY MALCOLM BOYD

THE SCENE: San Francisco's exuberant Gay Pride parade in June, 1978. A quarter of a million people line both sides of Market Street. Floats, members of gay organizations, gay women and men with small children in their custody, parents of gays, assorted disco stars and gay leaders pass by, drawing mighty bursts of applause.

The biggest cheers are for Harvey Milk, the first gay elected to the San Francisco Board of Supervisors. He sits on the back of an open convertible that moves slowly in the gigantic procession. He smiles broadly, acknowledging his ovation by energetically turning from left to right and waving his hands and arms to scores of people who want to tell him that they love him. As he moves farther ahead along the parade route, new salvos of shouts spontaneously break out to greet him.

THE SCENE: Outside San Francisco's City Hall at noon on November 29, 1978. A memorial service is about to begin for Mayor George Moscone and Harvey Milk. They were shot to death the day before yesterday at their offices in City Hall in an apparent act of political vengeance. The city is in shock following this event and the Jonestown murders of last week, in which more than 900 people died.

Somber crowds line the stately boulevard across from the City Hall. Numerous men and women are quietly weeping. It has been a foggy San Francisco autumn morning, but suddenly the sun breaks through the clouds. Joan Baez sings "Amazing Grace."

THE SCENE: Today. For the national and international gay community, both of the above events have passed into memory and history.

The loss of Harvey Milk is incalculable. He was at the peak of his ability and prowess. He intimately knew the gay community, its nuances of mood and feeling, its compelling needs and destiny. He set an example, in terms of the rapport that he was able to develop with non-gays—political associates, the media and public—to be emulated by other gay political figures in the years ahead.

Milk experienced the pain of other people's envy and deceit, even within the gay community, but he expertly rolled with the punches and kept his energy at a high level. He was a prime figure in the overwhelming defeat of Proposition 6 in California's 1978 election. State Sen. John Briggs' attempt to turn back gay rights was of national significance. Milk debated Briggs and won, brilliantly showing up his opponent.

Milk knew the dark night of the soul. One evening last fall when Milk returned to his home he found the dead body of his lover, a suicide. Milk kept his grief to himself, allowed the event only a minimum of public attention, and kept on working for others. He maintained the extraordinarily busy momentum of a local political figure who, as a gay man in a unique role of power in one of the world's gay capitals, became a national symbol of a burgeoning movement.

Milk was at home on Castro Street and along Polk Street, in easy and open contact with his gay brothers and sisters. He was equally at home in San Francisco's corridors of political power, including City Hall.

He is dead now, his life ruthlessly destroyed as he stood at the threshold of a decade of unprecedented public service and national leadership. Plucky and boldly defiant of danger, Harvey Milk was a man of true grit. In death, he has become a true gay hero.

It is small consolation for those who mourn him to be reminded that the blood of martyrs traditionally nurtures the soil of freedom. ■

Photo: Daniel Nicoletta

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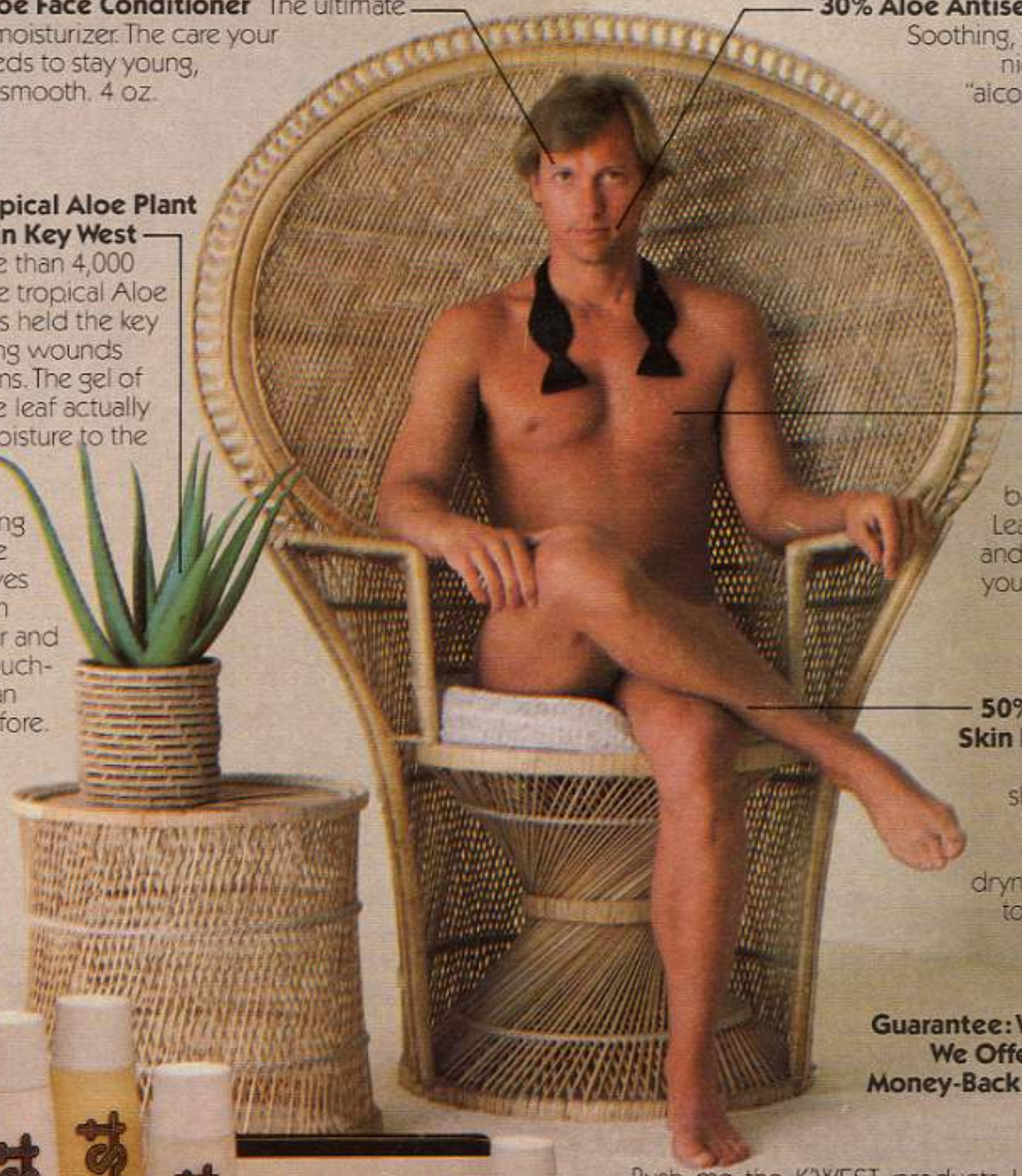

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BRIEFS

Beyond The Fringe

The first collection of *Gay Plays* anthologized by William M. Hoffman makes a firm commitment to the distinction between those plays and "gay theatre," which editor Hoffman views as stylized interpretation of works gay *or* straight. Gay content, on the other hand, is at the heart of the plays included in this collection, although Hoffman repeatedly stresses the ability of the respective playwrights to transcend subject matter in the way that, say, Chekov made *The Cherry Orchard* work as more than simply a Russian play. From the vast array of plays in which the central figure or figures are homosexual, or in which homosexuality is a main theme, Hoffman has selected *T-Shirts, Boy Meets Boy, Confessions of a Female Disorder, The Madness of Lady Bright, Entertaining Mr. Sloane, A Late Show, The Killing of Sister George* and *Cornbury: The Queen's Governor* as best representing gays in their full complexity. The grouping makes a solid case for the contention that good "gay" plays—in which the human condition supersedes the homosexual condition—do, in fact, exist. *Published by Avon Books; $3.50.*

Dressing Rite

The French have a few words for it—*robe de chambres*—and Koos Van den Akker has a California and a New York shop full of them. His own-design "unisex" clothes, including the sumptuous dressing gowns, are the stuff that dreams of grandeur are made of. The two little pieces of heaven are located at *795 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. and at 427 North Camden Drive, Beverly Hills.*

Photo: Horst Weber.

Photo: Brakha/Bartel

Ouch

Oh, the ecstasy of owning one of Vermillion's exquisite custom-made housewares! The lacquered "Lotus" console shown here retails for about $3,825, which only means that beauty still has its price. Available through designers and decorators at *Vermillion, 553 North San Vicente Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90048.*

Skeletons In The Closet

Stylistic difference aside—*Dress Gray* being somewhat overwritten, *Manhattan* underwritten—these two recent novels have much in common. Both go beyond the

slick, orderly facade of venerated institutions to expose seamy underpinnings and both have gravitational centers in gay territory. *Manhattan* (by Neal Travis; Crown Publishers, $10) zeroes in on power plays at Manhattan Magazine (closely modeled on the rambunctious *New York* Magazine), while *Dress Gray* (by Lucian K. Truscott IV; Doubleday & Co., $10.95) concerns itself with "patriots without identifiable politics" at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point. Both targets get a full blast of indignation, not the least of it inspired by gay misadventures—a savage beating at a backroom bar in *Manhattan*, the death of a cadet by his lover in *Dress Gray*. While Travis' expose is the more "entertaining" of the two books, dealing with drugs, trendy discos and a Big Apple that's rotten at the core, it's also the more conventional in its view of gays as sociologically different. *Dress Gray*, whose author is a 1969 graduate of the Academy, suggests that the very ordinariness of homosexuals is their most indecorous and fearsome trait. "West Point," says Truscott's narrator, "does not allow for the possibility

B R I

that the enemy is you... I have an idea Hand (the murdered cadet) was such a good plebe because — because he was a fag." Villanies and heroics do startling turn-abouts in this novel that was a dual main selection of the Literary Guild and has already earned a six-figure paperback sale. It will be widely read and promoted, even as *Manhattan* (according to William Safire of *The New York Times*) "will cause teeth to grind in the night."

7 + 7 = 0

This month, *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers* was to have played San Francisco in one of its last cross-country stops before a scheduled New York opening this fall. You remember *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers*, The MGM musical in which Jane Powell and Howard Keel sang their respective charges to a communal altar and proved that marriages of convenience leave everything to be desired. The current stage revival, alas, closed in Miami before Miss Powell and Mr. Keel, who repeated their film roles with brio, were able to bring the message to Broadway.

Girard's in Baltimore

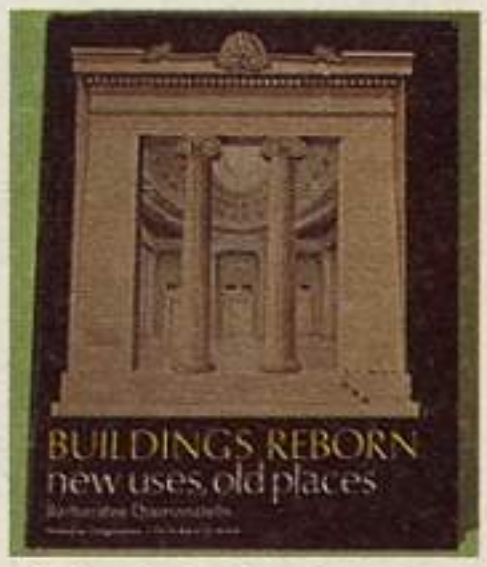
Photo: Jaime Ardiles-Arce

Disco Design

Studio 54 is the mother of them all—all of them now numbering in the thousands —but discos outside The Big Apple know instinctively that Studio's excessive ambience may not work in, say, Baltimore or Miami. Two cases in point are *Girard's* (in Baltimore) and *Tuttles* (in Miami), in which hard and soft-edge contemporary elegance, respectively, make the Little Apple discos shine as genuine private clubs. Appropriately enough, both offer their patrons something besides a dancefloor — banquettes galore in lounge areas and two very serviceable restaurants. You don't go to Girard's or to Tuttles (or to Baltimore or Miami, for that matter) just to be seen.

Photo: Bill Hedrich

Tuttles in Miami



The Salvation Armies

"Plainly," says writer Brendan Gill, who is also chairman of the board of New York Landmarks Conservancy, "the way to improve a city is to save as much as one can of its past and by a sympathetic adaptive use of that past, create for it a healthy, nourishing future." *Buildings Reborn: New Uses, Old Places, by* Barbaralee Diamonstein, provides a comprehensive look at the process of transforming crumbling liabilities into "radiant new civic assets." Successful example of all types—railroad stations, private homes, police stations, churches, factories, forts, warehouses—are showcased and discussed in detail with 331 illustrations. The 95 buildings, and their stately presentation in *Buildings Reborn*, reaffirm architecture as the "inescapable art," the connective tissue between civilizations past and future. It is a link, like this volume, worth studying firsthand. *Published by Harper & Row; $25.*

Men In Art

The male figure in art is seen more frequently these days and almost exclusively, as a matter of policy, at New York's *Robert Samuel Gallery*.

Over the past few months, it has shown Arthur Tress' "Images of Male Self-Sexuality," a group show on the theme of bondage, and paintings and drawings by David Martin (shown), whose illustrations have appeared in *Numbers* Magazine and others. The gallery represents many of its artists on an on-going basis, so that a visit to one exhibition will grant you access to all. *The Robert Samuel Gallery, 795A Broadway, New York; 212-477-3839.*

Would It Be Make Believe?

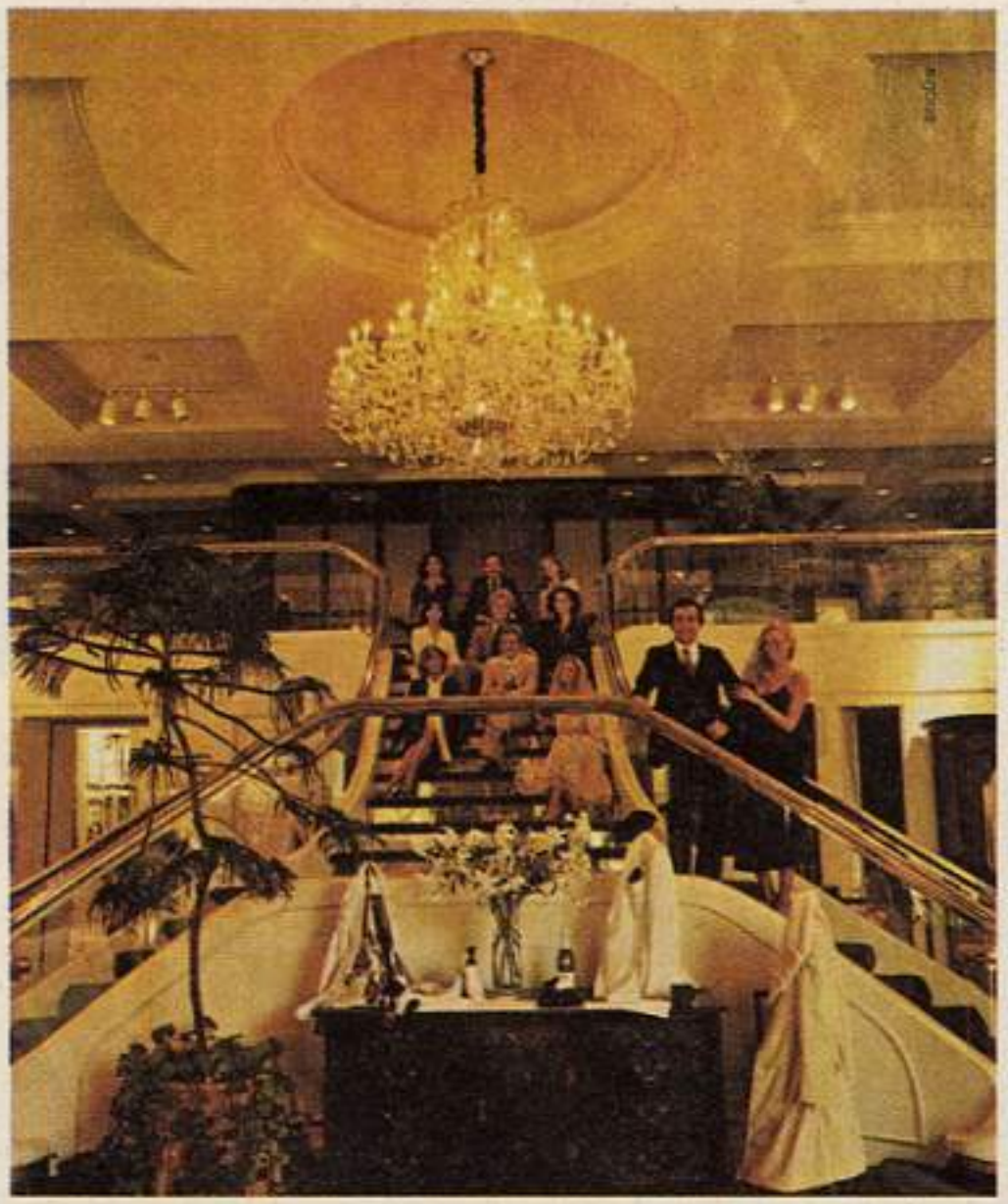
Imagine, if you will, Fanny Brice warbling "A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody" while, say, fifty million Frenchmen parade about an Art Deco stage in broken feathers. Add the directorial hands of Joseph Papp, Ken Russell and Andy Warhol and you have the sanity-within-madness approach to theatrical performance that a Chicago-based improvisational group is trying to de-closet. *Horses, Inc.* (the name took hold after the players mounted a successful stage version of *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*) hasn't actually parodied Ziegfeld as described above, but their unique style descends indirectly from the "Follies" and "Scandals" and "Vanities" of the 1920s—injected with high political consciousness and the gloss of au courant fashion. They perform their freewheeling "numbers" revue-style, at parties or in parks, stairwells, bowling allleys, sometimes at their multimedia loft/studio where the size of both the cast and/or audience may vary from performance to performance. The "filmic," spontaneous devices have, of course, alienated traditionalists who view Horses' "animated sculpture" as dramatic anarchy rather than as a viable new art form. Thus, the determined band of conceptual artists struggles to survive in Chicago, hoping that eventually the work will reach a more appreciative public. It's rather like reaching for the moon, except that in Horses' case it's only a paper moon, hanging over a cardboard sea. The theatre, after all, survives on true believers. *Horses, Inc., 2857 N. Halsted, Chicago, Ill. 60657; 312-327-8373.*

Rodan's Fables

In the group of 45 color portraits that he's entitled "The Greek Myths," 29-year-old photographer Don Rodan has employed models "to impersonate the deities and recreate, in single images, metaphors of the gods' activities . . . Many of the images are literal or visual puns based on the gods' names or their alleged powers." Eros, for instance, clutches a cow's heart, Apollo a skateboard, Leda a lobster; Phobos peeks through a venetian blind; Cyclop's eye is a fried egg; Satyr's ass holds a single watermelon slice. The Polaroid SX-70 prints are elegant and naughty in the way of an updated *Folies Bergere* tableau, the audience/viewer alone having the illusory ability to activate the bizarre scene. Finally, it is to Rodan's credit that he doesn't (nor does he ask us to) take it all too seriously. *Represented by Castelli Graphics, 4 East 77th St., New York 10021; 212-288-3202. Original Polaroid prints, $500; signed reproduction prints on Ektacolor paper, $55.*

Heaven Can Wait

For the firmly earth-bound, carnal pleasure is the ultimate end. The means thereto (i.e., the artifacts of sexual arts) may be found in the exhaustive new guidebook, *The Pleasure Chest Compendium of Amorous & Prurient Paraphernalia*. "We have tried," says the New York-based firm, "to bring sex out of the realm of pornography. Peruse our book and try to appreciate not only what turns you on, but what might turn others on, and you might find a whole new world opened to you for your pleasure." Such pleasurable accoutrement as latex gloves, stirrup tit bars, studded Crisco can covers and solid oak "abusive furniture" (among over 1,000 items of erotica) are included in the 192-page catalogue. To order yours, send $5.00 to *The Pleasure Chest, 20 West 20th St., New York 10011.*



The Best Prices In Town

The best, in Beverly Hills, is not necessarily the best or even the brightest—it is the most expensive. Naturally. On the Great Bite Way known as Rodeo Drive, the shop that takes the healthiest chomp at your credit card (they hardly touch paper money) may be *Bijan*—described gleefully by its Iranian owner, Bijan Pakzad, as "the most expensive men's store in the world." *Time* Magazine called it "the most beautiful store in the world" and *New West* said it's "a store in the grand manner." Grand, in this case, means a bottom-line $200 pricetag (for a silk shirt) and top-line stuff in the $25,000 range (for a cashmere topcoat lined in chinchilla). Is it any wonder that the milk train doesn't stop here any more? Especially when you already own the golden calf. *Bijan, 420 N. Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills.*

There Are Bags And Then There Are Bags

Hang on to your shopping bags, men, because The Smithsonian Institution's Museum of Design, otherwise known as New York's Cooper-Hewitt Museum, has officially recognized "colorfully designed shopping bags from around the world, embodying a wide range of graphic design," as Portable Graphic Art. As a result of last winter's exhibition of 151 bags and seven 19-century bandboxes, the museum began what is possibly the first major permanent collection of paper carryalls, one of which (designed by Mel Odom for New York City's "Camouflage") is shown here. With their new designation, the bags from better department and specialty stores may be worth more than their inflationary-priced contents.

Display Discs

The recording industry does not live by blitz alone. Occasionally a nifty, relatively low-profile PR job comes along that's intended more to build inter-industry awareness than to knock out consumer sales charts. Ariola Records pressed only 4,000 picture discs of Amii Stewart's *Knock On Wood* album for disco and press promotions, but maintains

that there's little retail saleability for such expensive ($15.95) records. Still, as a genuine novelty in the now-you-see-them-now-you-don't music business, the picture disc just might become tomorrow's collector's item, right up there with those single-sided 78s.

Queen of Hearts

When Phyllis Hyman sings about love, you listen. You listen because you sense she's been there and back and that she's brought some of the answers with her. Her second album, *Somehwere In My Lifetime* (reviewed in this issue), is a technically accomplished affair with a less insistent jazz aura than her first, self-titled solo album. The multi-faceted voice is here allowed a wider range of expression, so that the long-awaited breakthrough into popular acclaim will probably be assured. The lady is certain to bring her slow-burning wisdom about finally "making it" to the third album and that, too, is something to which attention should be paid. Meanwhile, pay attention to the little girl from Pittsburgh (below and left) whose full bloom we are now experiencing.

A House In Town

The old Victorian house that Larry Formica transformed into a tropical resort in Key West has some decidedly non-period conveniences. There are the crisply decorated rooms, suites or studios with private kitchens, an interior sundeck and pool, and the superb al fresco breakfasts and lunches served to both guests and the public. Dinner for guests (including all the wine you can drink) runs a mere $10; rooms go for $28 to $48 per day the year round. *La Terraza de Marti, 1125 Duval St., Key West, Fla.; 305-294-0344.*

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THE RECORDS

QUINCY JONES
SOUNDS
(A&M)

As producer, arranger or composer, Quincy has worked with artists as diverse as Frank Sinatra, Lesley Gore, Peggy Lee, Paul Simon, Ann-Margret, Count Basie, Herb Alpert, Diahann Carroll, Ella Fitzgerald and Ringo Starr.

He is directly responsible for the successful cross-over of jazz into the major record markets, probably because he has an impeccable musical style that transcends categorization. People who normally would not buy jazz are forced, by the quality of his work, to do so.

Sounds contains the monster hit, "Stuff Like That," a funky, impossible-to-sit-still-to work which he co-authored with Ashford & Simpson (who, along with Chaka Khan, can be heard on the track). Better still is "Love, I Never Had It So Good," a piece of real struttin' music, and a remarkable rendition of Stevie Wonder's "Superwoman (Where Were You When I Needed You)."

Because he is one of the industry's recognized geniuses, and because *Sounds* is, in my estimation, his finest work yet (*Body Heat* running a close second), I feel safe in saying, even eight months after its release, that it's an album that belongs in every collection.

If you haven't got it, get it.

PHYLLIS HYMAN
SOMEWHERE IN MY LIFETIME
(Arista)

This lady is going to be so big so fast it will make your head spin. A major star is born! With a face to launch a thousand ships and a voice that legends are built on, Phyllis Hyman is a sure bet for the '79 Hall of Fame.

So taken was he by the sound of her voice that Barry Manilow put her in the studio and produced the title track (and single release) himself. It's an admirably overproduced track, one that starts off softly and builds to a powerful climax, complete with the Manilow crashing drums and cymbols inside an echo chamber.

Not since the early stages of Streisand's record career has a voice so powerfully and emotionally glided into popular music. Poignancy and a long-forgotten drama are here reinstated.

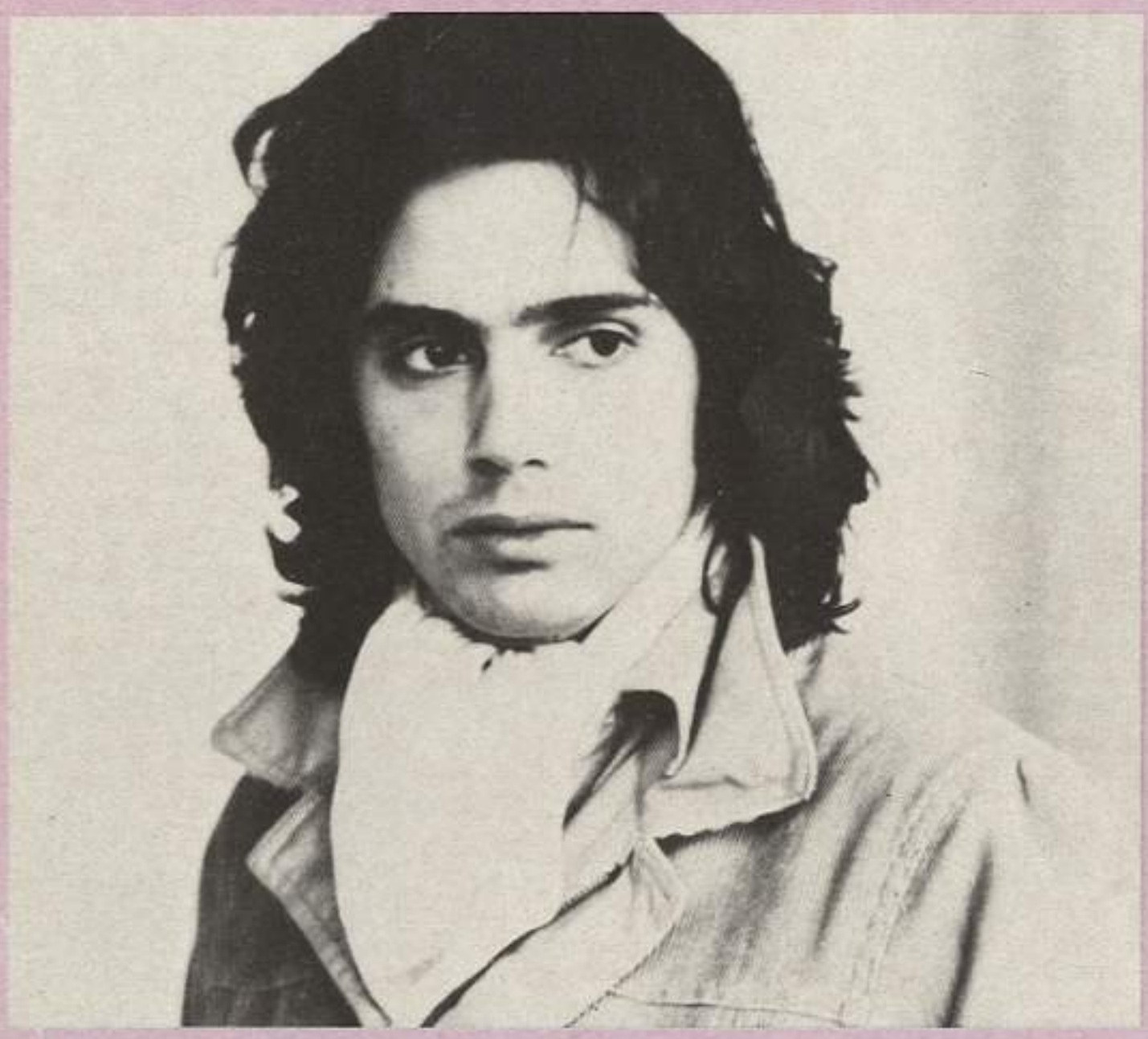
Other standout cuts include the fabulously erotic "Kiss You All Over," "The Answer Is You," and "Here's That Rainy Day."

ODYSSEY
HOLLYWOOD PARTY TONIGHT
(RCA)

The "Native New Yorker" has gone Hollywood. Their new album opens with a Western version of their New York anthem called "Lucky Star." It's another hard-luck story with a big build-up. And it's good. So's the album's first single release, "Pride." But even with the high point, "Comin' Back For More," the listener is left with the overall impression that Odyssey should have stayed on East 83rd. Lyrics alone don't make a song, and there's no way those uptown Latino voices can convince one of a California feel.

Not to mislead, let me state that *Hollywood Party Tonight* is a good album. The only problem, and it's a legitimate one, is that their earlier album is far better.

REVIEWS BY DALLAS



JEAN MICHEL JARRE
EQUINOX
(Polydor)

The master of electronic music strikes again. Jarre, whose previous outing, *Oxygen*, was a milestone in music history (having won 25 gold records worldwide) embarks on a journey that pushes the definition of music even further out than before.

Just 31 years young, Jarre began his musical training twenty-six years ago at the piano.

In his twenties he studied at the Paris Conservatory where his final thesis on non-European music led him to discover parallels between futuristic music and the music of Indian, Pygmy and Amazon peoples.

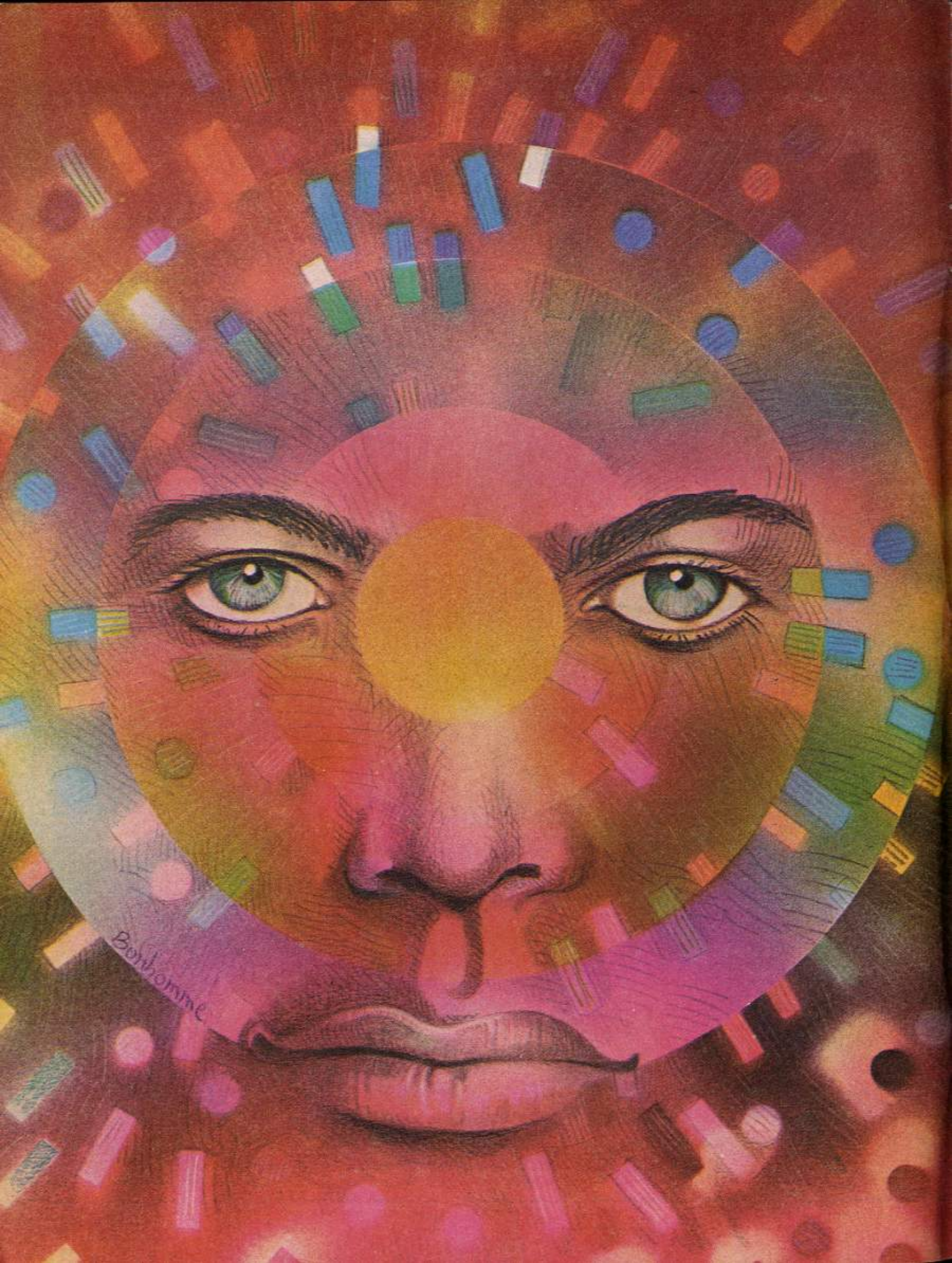
He composes on the theory that emotions can be expressed equally well with a synthesizer as with a violin. Consequently, he has created a wide musical spectrum in *Equinox* using electronics to express temperature, tenderness, breathing and dreams.

It is an exciting, hallucinogenic album with a somewhat disoriented focus, leaving the listener with a sense of time and space distortion . . . not unlike the "Dust" Experience.

SUPERMAN
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
(Warner Bros.)

Hollywood's ultimate visual achievement is now a stunning soundtrack album, possessing the power to create golden images from the film or inspire images of your own. *Superman* is highly visual music, some of it violent ("Destruction of Krypton"), some of it humorous (the subterranean world of "Lex Luther's Lair"), some of it lyrical and romantic—"Love Theme" is a fluid movement, neo-classical by design.

Composed and arranged by John *Star Wars/Close Encounters* Williams, this soundtrack recording is another feather in his cap and is brilliantly performed, as were the two aforementioned titles, by the London Symphony Orchestra.


Bonhomme

HEADWAY

BY THOM NICKELS

I got out of bed and went to the bathroom, where I saw (or rather encountered) what looked to be a lump of flesh on the shower room floor, but which on closer look proved to be—I could not believe it—a penis. It was not only a penis, for it also had testicles, and it was lying directly under the shower head. I crept over to it and looked down at it closely. There was no blood anywhere, that was the funny thing about it. I knelt down finally and stuck my hand out, but I was afraid to touch it. So I got a piece of paper from my pants pocket and rolled it into a joint-like twig and gently poked the lump, especially the head. Immediately there was a response, a quiver almost, and the shaft

ILLUSTRATED BY BERNARD BONHOMME

(Continued from page 19)

did, in fact, elongate.

Jesus God! It was like being in a fun house. I wanted somebody else to see it, so I started for the bathroom door when the penis—I swear to it—began walking across the shower room floor like a slinky. The head acting as leg, and the testicles dragging behind, it inched exactly three steps, enough to make me stop dead in my tracks. I could only surmise that its semi-erect state had given it the necessary stiffness with which to walk, because when it shrank it stopped moving completely.

I sort of liked the penis. I know this sounds crazy to admit, but when I saw it walk I almost sensed a personality, or a soul coming from it, and it seemed to be following me like a stray terrier or something. (I have always been a sucker for slinkies, walking down steps the way they do, like they had a mind of their own.) After placing my gym bag next to the penis, I lowered a towel over the thing and put the bundle into the bag. Just this simple movement, as steady as the lift-off of any steam-shovel, seamed to inject life into the shrunken organ. By the time it was in the bag it was as erect, if not a little more, than when I had poked it. And the movements it made inside the bag convinced me I had discovered an extremely unusual prize.

For a while I just let the penis rest in the gym bag. It was quite lifeless during this time that I spent walking the streets and wondering how I could use it. At night, I would take it out; it had a rubbery quality, almost as if it had been artificially manufactured. Soon I learned to touch it with my fingers, to handle it directly without flinching. The first time I did this, without the poking motions of a stick or paper, I let it elongate to its ultimate length. The erection measured ten inches; it was thick, well domed, and when I had run my hand over it a while it came as I expected it would, ejaculating furiously.

Sometimes I would get it erect just to put it on the floor and watch it walk. It walked until it shrank, and was not immune to climbing up bureau drawers and bookcases. Then I took it for rides. I put it in the gym bag and I'd just put the bag beside me when I sat down in a bus, and usually if the bus went over enough bumps, the penis would erect itself and the tip would push out through the zipper.

A couple of days later, I went into the bathroom and found, in the exact spot I had found the penis, an armless torso. At first I thought it was part of a manikin, but kneeling over it to get a better look, I saw that it was real flesh. Again, there was no blood, and it looked like a complete piece perfectly rounded, as if it had not been cut from anything. The skin was very soft and the chest was muscular, hosting small nipples that went erect when I ran my fingers over them. There was a neck; it was not open at the top, but closed, as if it had never held a head.

I set the torso on a desk chair. Since it ended just above the loins and had a hollow cavity at its base, I was able to fit the penis to the torso. Immediately it stuck itself on, as if suctioned in by some powerful vacuum.

Every day I scanned the newspapers for articles on missing persons. But I could find nothing. I would come home from work and see the torso propped up in a chair. Sometimes I would play with it, making it come while pinching its nipples; indeed, it really came alive when I did this.

But there was no head, so I couldn't quite fall in love with my discovery. I also like legs and feet, and an ass is important if you want to go the whole route. Little did I expect to find one in the back seat of a taxicab one night! There it was, not covered or anything, just resting on the floor near the driver's side. I looked into the rear-view mirror to make sure the driver wasn't looking, and then leaned down and rolled the ass over to get a better look. In one swoop, I picked it up and put it on my lap, letting my hands rest on top of it and my fingers sink a quarter of the way into the crack. I wanted to slap it to test its elasticity and bounciness, but that would have attracted the cab driver, so I took my sweater off and wrapped it around the ass.

A delivery notice was sent to me and I had to go to the post office to pick up a package. I carried it on a crowded bus while part of a foot poked through a section of the wrapping.

The ass fit perfectly behind the penis. Just as I fit it into place, it suctioned itself together, the way the penis had done earlier. Now I was able to run my hands over a much more complete entity. I expected everything to end there, because finding a penis, a torso, and an ass all in the same week was quite a windfall. I then expected a dry spell during which time I would find nothing; but on a subway bench one morning I found a head.

It was blond with blue eyes. Classically handsome in every way, a statue's head. Its eyes were open when I passed, and I thought I saw its eyeballs move. I sat next to it. I looked at it closely. I touched its hair; it was soft and luxurious. I put my finger into its mouth; it came out warm and wet. "What's your name?" I said. It didn't say anything. I picked it up by the hair and set it on my lap. When I held it on a slant, the eyes shut, like a doll's. I kissed it in that position, and then wrapped it in a newspaper.

When I got home, I grabbed the head with both hands and held it several inches above the torso's neck. The mysterious suction pulled it down instantly, and the pieces blended perfectly.

Two thin packages appeared in my mailbox one day, and when I opened them I found arms: Muscular arms with nice hands. Well, I didn't think too long about it—just slapped them on the torso, which sucked them into the armpits.

One morning I woke up beside a leg. It was hairy and warm, with a foot. This time I didn't attach it to the torso, but let it rest on my bed in order to test the suction power. Sure enough, after only a few minutes, the leg began to move in the direction of the torso. Then, in one loud *ssswit*, it traveled across the room like a torpedo and attached itself.

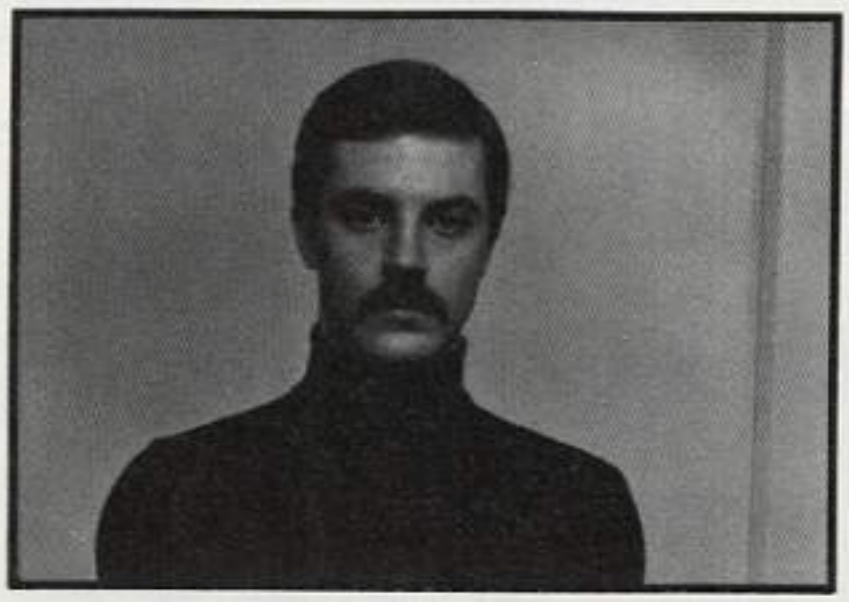
Things weren't as easy with the other leg. A delivery notice was sent to me, and I had to go to the post office to pick up a package. I had to carry it on a crowded bus while part of the foot poked through a section of the wrapping. People stared.

When, finally, the body was assembled, I was able to make love to it properly, though I had to drag it around. I mean . . . off the chair and onto the bed, and so forth. At night, sitting under a lamplight, it looked beautiful. I only wished that it could speak. I tried on several occasions, moving its mouth with my hands. I tried mouth-to-mouth resuscitation in hopes that it would develop a breathing mechanism. The dummy did nothing but have orgasms. Not that I wasn't in the keenest ecstasy when this happened, but afterwards the sight of my limp monster, all wet, depressed me. If there was a purpose in finding all these appendages and assembling them, why wasn't I let in on it? Was the dummy made for love only? I gave it sponge baths, the way they do in hospitals.

At times I would look into its eyes, always hoping for a flicker of life or even a tear. During this meditation I'd imagine that it moved its head, or blinked, but none of that ever really happened. In the middle of the night, my mouth pressed to its ear, I would whisper to it. I would say really nice things, but the dummy would just lay there, not moving, not blinking, not even breathing; yet one small touch on the penis and its whole body quaked.

One day I was looking into the slit on its penis when I felt a tiny pull. It was just a breath of air really, but it was

(Continued on page 82)



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THE LOSE NOW — PAY LATER OFFER

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They don't pray in tents anymore but, rather, in Danish modern pews near southern California freeways and suburban Sun Belt shopping centers. They read *The National Enquirer*, drive station wagons and have a proclivity for polyester double-knits. There are also millions of them. They're terrified of the growing acceptance of homosexuality—and they've been the rank-and-file workers in the modern crusades against gays throughout the United States over the past two years.

THE FUNDAMENTALISTS

BY RANDY SHILTS

However demagogic their leaders, the fundamentalist troops represent a largely sincere corps who believes their campaign against gays is simply God's work. The Bible says homosexuality is wrong, so it's wrong. It's as simple as that. When pressed further, the fundamentalists might elaborate on the anti-homosexual catechism that has maintained a surprising uniformity in anti-gay campaigns throughout the United States.

"God does not hate the homosexual," explains Pat Allen, the wife of a computer salesman from Montclair, California and a faithful member of Pomona's Central Baptist Church. Inactive or cured homosexuals (i.e. asexual gays) can find salvation in God's eyes. The only problem is that sinners like company—that's the way Satan works—so homosexuals will recruit others to their cause if given the chance, and that bodes for no good. "The Bible says that just before Jesus comes to take all good Christians to heaven, there will be times when men will have unnatural affections toward other men," Pat says calmly.

Is this the logic of modern-day Hitlerism? "Absolutely not," responds Pat, with sincere shock spreading across her face. "They can do whatever they want, as long as they don't parade their sin around in public. We have to watch out about that, because that's what will mark the beginning of"—you guessed it—"The Final Days."

This gets to the root of the problem about contemporary fundamentalists. As easy as it may be to dismiss their spokespersons, the evangelical grassroots supporters possess a saccharine sincerity which gays should attempt to understand rather than vilify.

The Rev. Ray Batema, Pomona Central Baptist's fire-and-brimstone preacher who co-chaired the pro-Proposition 6 forces in California, smiles at the thought that Pat Allen, her husband and hundreds of normally apolitical fundamentalists are now on the front lines of one of the nation's hottest political issues. "Our church has just come alive," he says, leaning his head against the American eagle on the Mexican-made Bicentennial tapestry (the kind you buy in closed-down Exxon stations in Orange County) behind his couch. "For too long, fundamentalists have just said, 'We'll do God's work and leave politics to the politicians.'" Batema shakes his head disdainfully at the thought. "Well, look where that has gotten us—busing, abortions and now this—homosexual teachers."

He knows he's talking to a gay reporter, but that doesn't matter. "It's not the homosexual we hate," Batema says. "It's his sin."

The parishioners in the small chapel of Wichita's Glenville Bible Baptist Church perk up their ears when the handsome young Rev. Ron Adrian dramatically raises his voice. "People ask me why I'm involved in this campaign for decency. I'll tell you why."

Adrian, the leader of the successful effort to repeal Wichita's gay rights ordi-

THE FUNDAM

nance, pauses briefly before launching an emotional crescendo. "Because the future of this state, this nation, is at stake—that's why." Shouts of Amen start filling the air. "Because light and darkness cannot live side by side. Because evil and good can't dwell in the same house together—one has to win out."

After the service, the Rev. Adrian expounds proudly on how another local fundamentalist, Carry Nation, started her own political crusade across town when she axed up her first saloon, a crusade that ultimately led to Prohibition. Says Adrian: "There's lots of historical basis for our concern with how this nation is governed."

When Adrian hears that his former parishioner, Richard Angwin (now the preacher at Temple Baptist Church in St. Paul), is leading a drive to repeal his city's gay-rights ordinance too, the Rev. Adrian chuckles: "We're all in a conspiracy on this one."

A conspiracy? The eyes of gay activists—a group never noted for the ability to sublimate its collective persecution complex—light up at the very mention of the word. Fundamentalist Christians have, after all, spearheaded every major electoral fight against gays from Dade County in June, 1977 through repeal efforts in St. Paul, Wichita, Eugene and Seattle, to California's unsuccessful anti-gay teachers Proposition 6 last November.

But the Rev. Adrian *is* joking when he chuckles about a conspiracy. The growing gay conviction that born-again Christians are involved in a dark, national conspiracy to corral gays into up-dated Dachaus both ignores the mundanity and the social forces at work within modern fundamentalism. Though the current born-again preoccupation with homosexuality is a trend to watch carefully, as more politicians and fund-raisers move in to exploit it, it is not without historical precedent and could well go the route of past American quasi-religious, quasi-political revivals, and fall victim to itself.

To be sure, fundamentalists are no foe to be slighted. Born-again Christianity represents the most significant religious trend of our era. According to a Gallup Poll, nearly one in four Americans claim to be "born-again", putting 55 million in that nebulous category. Not all of these self-described "born-again" Christians are fundamentalists, but evangelical churches represent the fastest-growing religious institutions in the country, while the more traditional, mild-mannered churches find their membership rolls decreasing.

Among the developments spawned by this contemporary fundamentalist revival:

Over 1,000 radio and 400 television stations now carry an entire schedule of religious-oriented programming, as fundamentalists develop their own alternative media.

Through 3,000 Christian bookstores across the United States, born-agains have made religious literature one of the decade's most significant publishing trends. Major publishers like Doubleday are creating entire divisions for born-again books—and for good reason. An evangelical translation of the Bible, *The New International Version*, sold over 1.2 million copies in just the first four weeks after publication alone.

Through projects like the Christian Yellow Pages, fundamentalists are building economic clout by turning to each other—and no one else—for everything from used cars to plumbing.

At times when rapidly changing social values make bed-rock fundamentalism an inviting and stable liferaft, such growing institutionalization cannot be unexpected. The most significant—and highly publicized—aspect of this decade's born-again revival, however, may not be such institutions, but its trend toward politicization. Fundamentalists have been in the forefront of the fight against the Equal Rights Amendment, government-funded abortions, pornography and even court-ordered school busing.

None of these issues has brought out the fundamentalist zeal like the battle over gay rights and the growing acceptance of homosexuality. To many fundamentalists, this simply is the nation's most important social issue. They are, in fact, probably the only major social group—other than gays themselves—to hold this conviction.

The emergence of homosexuality as a major social issue in the past two years is due almost exclusively to fundamentalists. Nobody paid much attention to all the gay talk about homosexual civil rights until a Miami fundamentalist, Anita Bryant, gave the media a colorful, attractive personality on whom to focus stories about what is otherwise a complex psycho-socio-sexual issue. Gays passed civil rights laws in 42 cities, gaining only some token, two-paragraph stories next to the classified ads. It took just one colorful fundamentalist—working against just one of those ordinances, however, to get the issue on the cover of *Newsweek*.

Both sides clearly have profited from this recent creation of mutual boogey men. For fundamentalists, homosexuality has become a convenient touchstone on which to grind their ever-sharpening axes of moral indignation. As state Sen. John Briggs, a charismatic Catholic and anti-gay spokesman, puts it: "Preachers always do better when they have a devil to point at." The same is true for gay activists. If an Anita Bryant didn't exist, gay activists certainly would have had to create one. Villains are as important to any political pantheon as heroes.

The clash between fundamentalists, the nation's most socially conservative group, and gays, whose acceptance lies with the avant-garde of American social issues, represents less a fight between lifestyles than a battle between two worlds. To fundamentalists, the growing acceptance of homosexuality represents nothing less than a neo-Sodomian stance of a society that has turned its back on God's word. Despite the cumbersome reinterpretations which gay theologians have apologetically devised for the Bible over the past years, the Good Book has no dearth of explicit invectives against homosexuality—and literal-minded fundamentalists can generally cite them chapter and verse.

"Look right here," insisted a housewife-volunteer at the Wichita anti-gay headquarters during the gay-rights repeal campaign, as she whipped out a Bible to show me nearly a dozen anti-homosexual passages. She was very concerned that I not underestimate the Scriptures' weight. "Look at what happened to Sodom, or even to the world of Noah's day when they turned away from what God said." The fact that San Francisco, the nation's most famous gay Mecca, sits smack on top of the nation's most unstable fault line did not make the

E N T A L I S T S

gay case any stronger to the lady from Wichita.

To be sure, these novice politicos stretch the limits of the mainstream conservative's imagination, just as the gay issue tugs at the edges of most liberals' ideaology. Moreover, those who have so zealously taken up the call against gays represent a small proportion of the millions who claim a born-again experience. Still, the fact that small cadres of fundamentalists have won the hearts of more voters than gays in most elections cannot be ignored, especially when gays have generally out-organized and out-spent their theocratic opponents.

Long-standing social mores against homosexuality certainly are the most important aid for fundamentalists. Another important factor behind their victories is simply that they're playing the game for higher stakes. Though gays are fighting for their rights, fundamentalists are fighting for their salvation. "You have to realize that all of this has been foretold centuries ago," explains the Rev. Batema of Pomona. "I can't think of a more sure sign of The Final Days than having all these homosexuals parading around for their rights."

With ministers constantly harping on the sheer imminence of The Final Days—and using homosexuality as the proof-positive that such times have come—fundamentalists gain a motivation surpassed by few, if any, groups in American politics. Consider the implications. According to Scriptures, only those Christians who have remained true to God will avoid the plethora of plagues which a vengeful Jehovah will rain down during The Final Days—and you sure won't get divine protection by standing on the side-lines while modern-day Sodomites gain toleration and even (gasp) acceptance. Fighting against gay rights, therefore, becomes the surest way to keep your polyester leisure suit from melting in hell.

Fueled by such powerful motivation, even a small group of fundamentalists can prove a formidable adversary, as gay leaders in Miami, St. Paul, Wichita and Eugene discovered. Their politicking, however, has less to do with putting gays in concentration camps than with keeping themselves out of the troubled times which, their ministers constantly remind them, are just around the corner.

The fundamentalists' choice of issues clearly rankles many gay fundamentalists. Why not a born-again crusade against those who eat shellfish, another no-no on the *Leviticus* hit list. The Rev. Troy Perry, the born-again leader of the Metropolitan Community Churches, compares the new fundamentalist preoccupation with homosexuality to the old-line southern Christians' support of slavery before the Civil War. "Many of these same churches used to quote the apostle Paul to justify owning another human being," fumes Perry, to whom fundamentalist leaders sometimes refer as one of the "false prophets" *Revelations* warned of. "Nobody would say that today. But it's just as ludicrous to turn to old passages of the Bible to justify keeping gay women and men from having jobs."

Pomona salesman Bob Allen simply shakes his head at Perry's retort, as he picks up his *King James* version. "It says right here in *Leviticus* 18:22: 'You shall not lie with a man as with a woman; it is an abomination.'" Allen closes his Bible conclusively. "That is God's moral law. I believe that the laws of this nation should be based on"—Allen pauses briefly to give each word a deliberate and direct emphasis—"God's . . . moral . . .law."

The growing gay-rights controversy does not represent the first time fundamentalists have caught flak for mixing God's moral laws with man's legal statutes. Successive waves of fundamentalist revivals throughout American history all have taken up their own political crusades aimed at the various heresies in vogue with the era. Born-again Christians penned the Constitution's most embarrassing passage with the 18th Amendment, banning liquor. The first fundamentalist battle over the school classroom came long before California's Prop. 6, when born-agains crusaded—and enacted laws — against the teaching of Darwin's theory of scientific evolution. That set the stage for the memorable Scopes "Monkey" Trial, easily as rich a source for made-for-TV-movie material as the Anita Brynat controversy may one day prove to be.

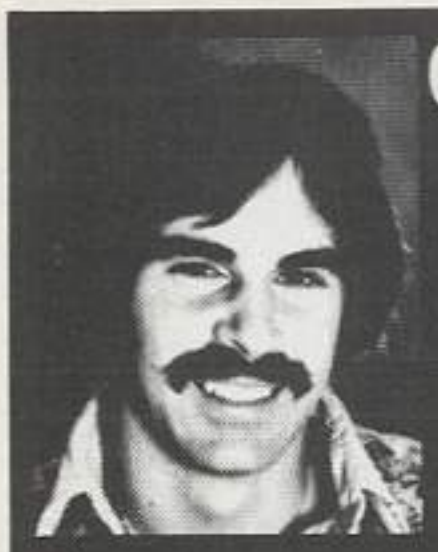
The big question for gays today is whether the controversy fundamentalists are stirring up will ultimately lead to a 1930s-style Hitleresque crackdown on homosexuals. Until recently, most of the anti-gay campaigns stayed in the hands of the preachers who seemed more intent on whipping up their Sunday services than organizing any kind of "final solution" for gays. The repeal campaigns have generally been devoid of professional politicians, the group which would be most prone to carry an essentially theocratic crusade to more dangerous proportions.

That trend, however, shifted in late 1978 when a number of professional politicians began eyeing the born-agains' fervent anti-gay activity as the source of potential clout. In Oregon, the leaders of the successful gay-rights repeal campaign in Eugene made a surprising takeover of the state's Republican Party machinery. This left mainstream Republicans like Sen. Mark Hatfield—a former Baptist minister who nevertheless takes a moderate-to-liberal stance on most issues—taking pains to distance themselves from the newly born-again G.O.P. party apparatus.

The most dramatic politicization of fundamentalist fears of homosexuality, however, came last year in California when Orange County state Sen. John Briggs welded together a coalition of fundamentalist, largely Baptist, churches to back his Proposition 6. Briggs' use of fundamentalists as a private political vehicle bordered on the crass. In private interviews with reporters, the senator would mock the fundamentalists, call Anita Bryant's Svengali-husband Bob Green a "stupid so-and-so" and relish the chance to tell a joke about how Miami gays allegedly insisted, "We don't want your children, Anita, we want your husband."

To crowds of fundamentalists across California, however, the public John Briggs could skillfully quote the Bible, managing to whip the normally apolitical Believers into a legion of campaign volunteers who collected nearly a half-million petition signatures and donated much of his campaign's $1 million-plus budget. Also active in helping to fund-raise among fundamentalists was the

(Continued on page 29)



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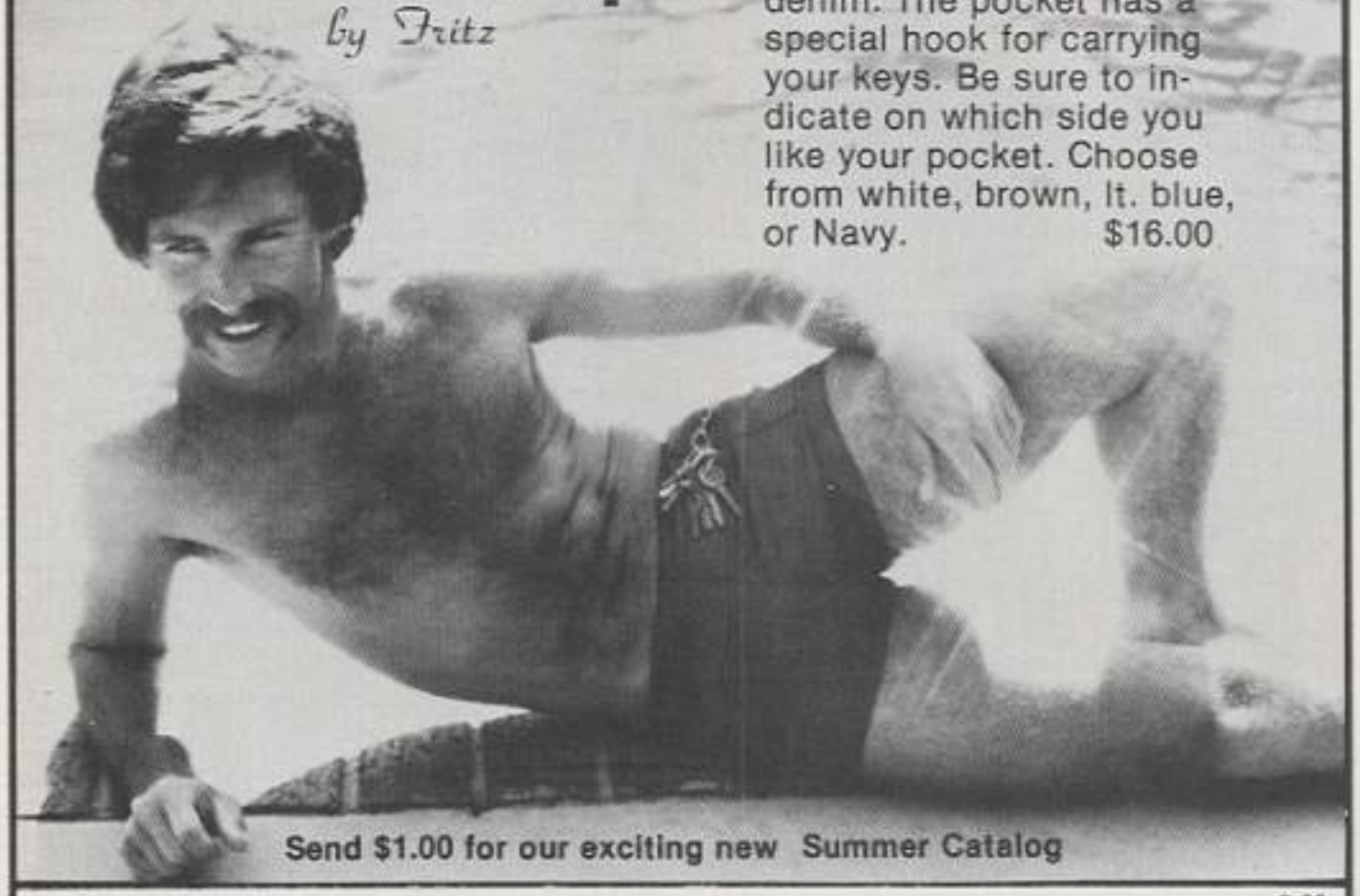
The Hook up

by Fritz



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MAILMAN

(Continued from page 7)

Anita Bryant is an individual who represents ignorance and misguided piety. She is Southern Baptist. But she does not and conceivably could not possibly represent all Southern Baptists. Many within the gay community became introduced to Baptists through Ms. Bryant and ultra-conservative elements in the denomination.

Those of us who are gay and Southern Baptist are asking members of the gay community to quit promoting "Southern Baptist" as a label of ignorance and bigotry. The gay community expresses a "Baptist-phobia" and puts undue and additional pressure upon Baptist gays who are struggling with religious identity and survival, self-respect, and sexual fulfillment. No one is aided when one group who has been and is victimized by bigotry becomes, itself, involved in setting forth a stereotype of such a large and diverse religious body.

Any critical investigation will uncover that historically, Baptists, before the founding of America and in the early years of this nation, contributed immensely to the upgrowth and acceptance of the concept of individual liberty both in religious experience and moral responsibility.

Gays as a whole, have gleaned much from the contributions of Baptists who have stood for and suffered for personal freedoms. This could be a key for dialogue.

There will never be any dialogue between gays and Southern Baptists as a whole as long as there is contentment on either side to promote and to live with stereotypes that have never been challenged or investigated.

As a Southern Baptist, intelligent, educated, cultured, traveled, *and* gay, I implore the gay community to quit fostering the image of bigotry upon all Southern Baptists. Some of us are you! Further, many Southern Baptists enjoy a spiritual dimension to life that many gays, in their intoxication with the physical, do not realize is possible. Perhaps something can be learned from Southern Baptists as to a base for enduring or at least meaningful values for the totality of life. Certainly many Baptists have a lot to learn from the gay community.

W. F. Briggs, Cincinnati

(Continued from page 27)

evangelical leader heralded as the "new Billy Graham," Jerry Falwell. Largely because of his success in organizing fundamentalists, Briggs soared from political obscurity to become one of the state's most prominent politicans overnight.

The late Sup. Harvey Milk, for one, thought that such politicization could have profound repercussions if the so-called New Right continued to make inroads in born-again churches. "The New Right is just coming in and taking advantage of these people," said Milk, who served as the primary spokesman for the anti-Prop. 6 campaign. "This whole controversy over gay rights is an organizing tool for the New Right."

While Sen. Brigg's campaign showed the dangers of manipulating born-agains for political advantage, the most extreme religious fervor against gays is being spawned by Anita Bryant for her own financial gains. One mailing from the Anita Bryant Ministries equates homosexuality with child pornography, molestation and even television shows which allegedly are teaching children to "commit cold-blooded murder, rape, steal, get drunk, sell drugs, set fire to the school building, run away from home, use vulgar language, [and] become a prostitute."

All of this leads up to one sales pitch. "All I can do is turn to you," she implores in her mailer. "And I must depend on your $10 gift of love—or perhaps even $15 or $25 or $100 if these issues really shake you as they do me."

Such a prophet's brazen concern with profits points to the ultimate problem the newly politicized fundamentalists have when they get involved with the American political structure: They are their own worst enemies. While voting to repeal what most voters see as "special protections" for gays, the average American does not equate homosexuality with murder, rape or even burning the local P.S. 109 to the gorund. Mid-America's votes against gay rights come more from gut-level fears of homosexuality—and sexuality in general—than from agreement with the extremes of the new theocracy.

In no place was this more solidly proven than in California, where fundamentalists ineptly managed to pull defeat from the jaws of certain victory with their Prop. 6 campaign. Early in the campaign, the respected California Poll had yes-on-6 voters outnumbering no-voters by a 2-to-1 margin. But the pro-6 forces' largely theological sales pitch — the standard brochure cited both *Cornithians* and *Leviticus* as inherently supportive of Prop. 6—failed to catch on. Prop. 6 ultimately lost by over a million votes.

As easy as it may be to dismiss their spokespersons, the evangelical grassroot supporters posess a saccharine sincerity which gays should attempt to understand rather than vilify.

No-on-6 strategist Don Bradley credits the gay win as a sign that fundamentalists can't politically organize with any effectiveness beyond their local parish level. "We're going to win because they can't put on a professional political campaign—it's that simple," said Bradley before the race. His prediction proved accurate.

It's not that the fundamentalists lack the gut-level support of most voters; it's that they generally are too bush-league to exploit it correctly. In politics, the born-again Christians lean toward a petty partisanship which makes it difficult for them to compromise or create broad coalitions. In California, for example, the Baptists had a difficult time accepting Sen. Briggs' Catholicism. "I don't think the senator would call himself a Catholic," the Rev. Batema would say when pressed on the issue. But Briggs *did* call himself a Catholic. Moreover, virtually every major Catholic leader who took a stand on Prop. 6 came out against the fundamentalists.

Seattle gay activists agree that the religious tenor of the anti-gay campaigns ultimately works against the fundamentalists. Charles Brydon, the leader of gay-rights supporters in Seattle, credits the fundamentalists for doing a lot of the talking which made Seattle the first city to vote against repealing gay rights.

"It got to the point that they were saying things that even embarrassed themselves," Brydon says. "The more they said for their side, the more they helped our side."

The outright religious fanaticism of fiscally-motivated fundamentalists like Anita Bryant also seems likely to be self-destructive. Though Bryant undoubtedly will receive enough "gifts of love" to keep her refrigerator stocked with orange juice for decades, her anti-gay movement shows no signs of becoming the national juggernaut which gays feared after her stunning victory two years ago.

The *coup de grace* to this current round of anti-gay crusading may ultimately prove to be the same foe as that of past political revivals—Time. That's the big problem with what are essentially end-of-the-world cults. It's hard to keep them going when time passes and the world doesn't come to an end. Fundamentalists of different hues have variously predicted the end of the world in 1066, 1914 and 1939, to name only a few dates, when William The Conqueror, the Kaiser and Hitler all respectively came to fulfill the prophecy of the Anti-Christ.

The world, however, didn't end, and people went on to find new Anti-Christs and new issues around which the fate of the earth would be decided. This could well be the fate of the born-again Christians' current interest with homosexuality. Another issue could replace homosexuality, just as gays replaced demon alcohol as the exemplary manifestation of evil.

For all his talk of the imminent final days, even the devout Rev. Batema has to get a bit fidgety when faced with various historical precedents for his now-pressing fear of the last days. "My daddy thought the final days were just around the corner when he died," recalls Batema. "Of course," he adds uncomfortably, "that was in 1955." ■

HOMOEROTIC POETRY

RENDEZ-VOUS

Still, still, in that still fatal room,
still, still, in that still fatal house,
where reason and morals assume
far less than reasonableness,

one awaits the arrival of
something, wretch! which he does not know,
some presence he may know or love,
some murmur between high and low

"Your voice is a horn to my soul,
and your eyes a flame to my heart.
The world calls it an evil goal,
so what, conqueror, stiff upstart!

I am happy and I am sad,
I have my love once more with you,
a love that weeps when I am glad,
you like a young wolf, wild and true!

You come to me naive and rough,
seductive with a gift of gab,
your mouth and body sly enough,
which ravish me with a swift stab.

My scruples over your extreme
youth and your being such a child
still tangled in your early dream,
uneasy with my being wild—

two or three years are just enough
to make your young cock blossom out,
and your young breath will quickly puff:
you will be winded so watch out.

What a proud bastard you must be,
and what a lovely time we'd spend
if you could be here now! But see,
you promised, and you lied, false friend.

You swore by God and earth that day,
then you don't keep this rendezvous . . .
the time has come and gone—obey,
my passions have gone all askew.

My Messiah, I wait for you,
come and fall in my arms right here;
we'll have a special party too,
you'll see, if you'll only appear!"

There is phosphorous in your eyes,
your lips have a perverted smile
teasing the quill pen with sweet sighs
as he writes these lines all the while.

ENGLISH VERSE TRANSLATION BY WILLIAM PACKARD and

B R E S

O F P A U L V E R L A I N E

This is the first magazine publication in English of the erotic poetry of Paul Verlaine. As these poems, some thirty-three in all, were far in advance of the tolerance of their time (1890-1903), they were rigorously suppressed and for the most part excluded from the poet's supposedly "Complete Works." The leading "Decadent" writer of France, and the subject of public disgrace as a result of his affair with the "angel-demon" Arthur Rimbaud, Verlaine transmuted his homoerotic experiences into this startlingly vivid, witty and eloquent verse. His praise of the glories of the flesh (originally published in separate editions as *Hombres* and *Femmes*) exults in passions more immediate than nostalgic, more sacramental then sacrilegious.

JOHN D. MITCHELL/ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL AYRTON

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MOUNT ME LIKE A WOMAN

Mount me like a woman right now,
that I may fuck you on my back;
there now, that's it, your hand's the jack,
my stiff prick enters you somehow

like a blade in butter, or more,
so I can kiss you on the lips,
my wild and piggish tongue does trips
in your sweet mouth which I explore!

I see your eyes in which I leap
into the darkness of your heart,
where my desires rise and dart
triumphant in weird dreams I keep,

and I caress your tender back,
your healthy hips, nape of your neck,
and the two wigs of hair that deck
your armpits and your head's haystack!

Your ass which is astride my thighs
weighs down on them with a sweet weight
while my thick prick which grows so great
makes you cry out with happy sighs.

And you delight yourself, sweet one,
for your good gourd is swelling wide,
eager to play its part with pride,
it quickly swells with all the fun,

so hard. A drop, a perfect pearl,
an early bird, arrives like dew
at the rose opening, and you
know I must swallow it, it whirls

and stirs my juices now. My turn
to take your cockhead in my lips
and urge its substance to the tip
until it shoots its royal churn.

Oh most mild milk, transcendent stuff,
which smells like almond through and through—
a thirst consumes me now for you
and I can never get enough.

But it comes on so rich and free,
cream of your adolescence here,
a sacrament which is most dear
which makes me drunk and blesses me.

IN THI

In this cafe, which is crowded with fools, we two
represent the so-called sick vice of those men who
love other men: we're gay, and we are not aware
of all those cunts who sit in all their goodness there,
with their straight-arrow sex and their fake moral masks.
We jerk off through our flies, we work at our sly tasks

Femmes/Hombres is published by the Chicago Review Press, 215 W. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. 60610. Deluxe Clothbound Limited Edition (10" x 8", slipcased, numbered, 150 pp., 200 copies) $100; Regular Edition $17.50. 90-minute cassette (in French) of the thirty-three poems as read by Societaire Actor of the Comedie Francaise, Paul-Emile Deiber, available through IASTA, 310 West 56th St., New York, N.Y. 10019—$12.95. An erotic musical, *Live Life to the Hilt*, derived from *Femmes/Hombres*, with music by Howard Cozart, lyrics and libretto by John D. Mitchell, William Packard and Jack Eddleman, is in preparation.

E V E N T H O U G H

Even though you have no hard-on
I still take delight in your prick
which hangs gold white, it will still stick
over your balls, a sly come-on.

Those balls, like sisters in their stalls,
the loose skin of the scrotum sack,
so brown and rose and purple-black,
those funny warrior-like balls,

the left nut hangs down lower than
the right one, and is smaller too,
it seems a boastful ingenue,
though God knows why, or for what plan.

It is quite plump, your cock is spread
and it is furry from the base
to the foreskin which hides its face
with its one eye and its red head.

It swells a little at the tip
and it draws under the soft skin
the thumb-size head which will begin
to show off its small double lip.

After I kiss it once or twice
with thanks for this stiff gift of love,
I stroke it with my hand above
and squeeze it in a gentle vise,

to push the skin back on its sheath,
so that the violet within,
the happy head pokes through the skin,
exploding up from underneath;

then always a good girl, the cock
goes up and down like a quick dart,
and 'john without a hat' will start
to get as solid as a rock.

And your hard-on will try to strike
my mouth, my ass, master, you chose
some sweets perhaps like those, or those?
That is what my ten fingers like.

But this God of a cock will seek
to go to a solemn high Mass—
in my hands, my mouth, and my ass,
it is an idol quite unique.

S C A F E

with no restraint, full speed ahead, stroke after stroke,
puff on our pipes and veil our cocks in clouds of smoke—
(as long ago Hero would call on Zeus to fuck)—
our pricks like fun puppets suddenly run amuck,
or like a sneezing nose, we wipe away the froth,
as we shoot jets of come under the tablecloth.

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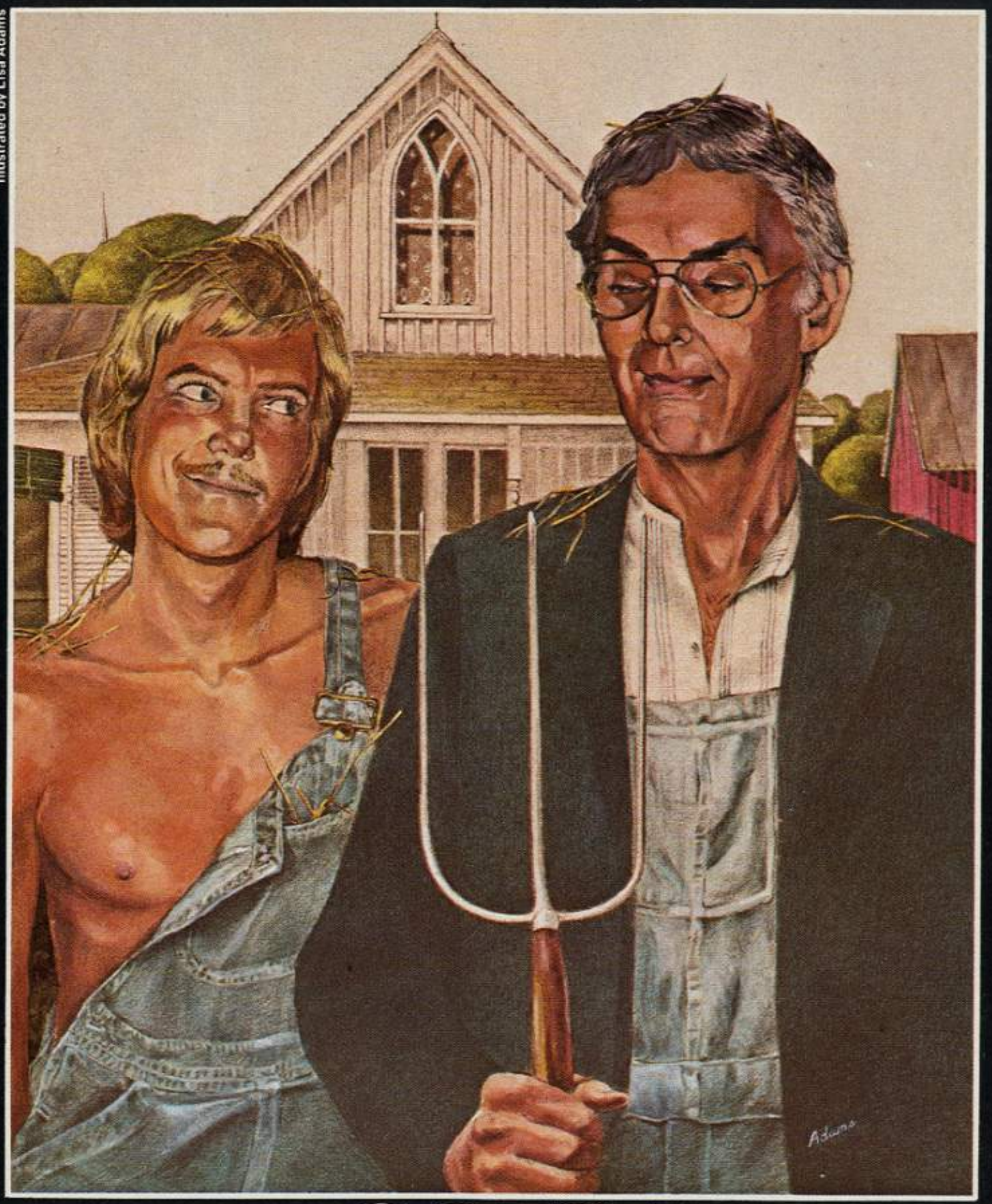
GRANT & WOODRUFF

(A blackout skit from the gothic burlesque, *The Loquacious Lovers of HicCough Farm.*)

WOODRUFF (*brushing off the hayseed*): Grant, honey, why do the bees hum?

GRANT (*caressing his pitchfork*): Ah reckon it's 'cause they don' know the words.

Illustrated by Lisa Adams

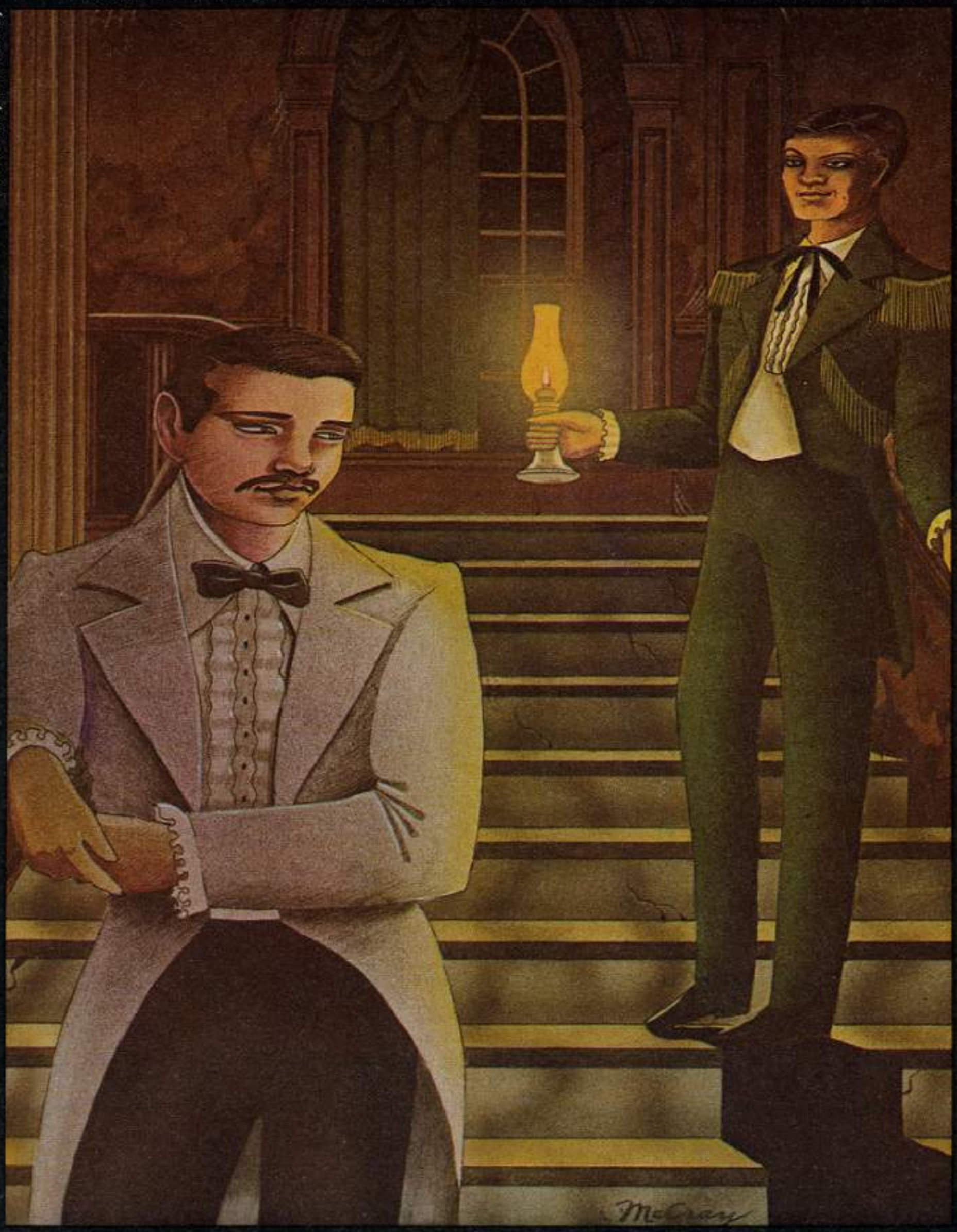


GREAT AMERICAN COUPLES

SCHUYLER & RHETT

Having lost one beau to the War and another to incest, Schuyler O'Hara faced the future with an uncertainty born of four deplorable years of famine and celibacy. "Ashley to ashes, Dustin to Dustin (oh, those tacky Tarleton twins) and fiddle-de-fuck to them all," he announced one day. Finally, in a fit of inspiration, Schuyler resolved on a way to woo Rhett Buttocks: "The draperies shall rise again!" he declared while sewing. "And with meat like his, I'll never go hungry again."

Illustrated by Stan McCray



LUCKY & RICKY

News Flash! The boys from Brooklyn—formerly from Grosse Pointe (the boys, not Brooklyn) will star in their own TV show this year! The period sitcom, taped before a filmed audience at the CBC studio, also features Fred and Cecil as the boys-next-door and will be affectionately titled *I Love Lucky*. The wacky redhead told us: "Yeah, before he met me, Ricky had no luck at all."

Illustrated by Joe Morrocco

Illustrated by Otis Sweat

SWEAT

FRED & ROGER

Whilst doing the rhumba in Rio,
Fred felt himself bulge mid-tuxedo.
He swept Roger away
Where they both could play
To the tune of *Flagrante Delicto*.

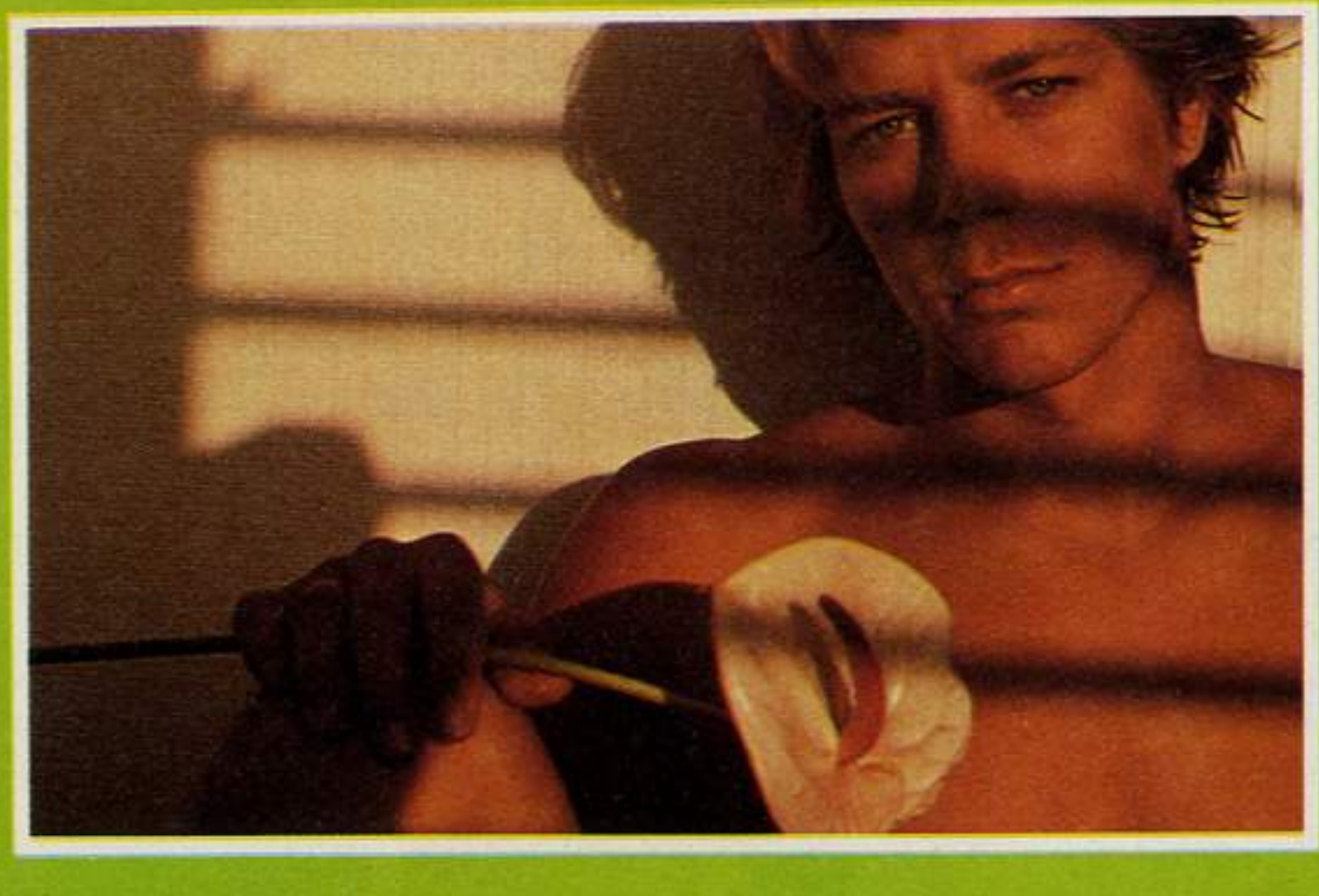
Blueboy asked this month's centerfold men to symbolize their sexuality through single visual images. "Zipper," "Butch" and "Anthurius" are the three faces of Eros that resulted—and who could ask for anything more reverent?

BLUEBOY CENTERFOLD SECTION

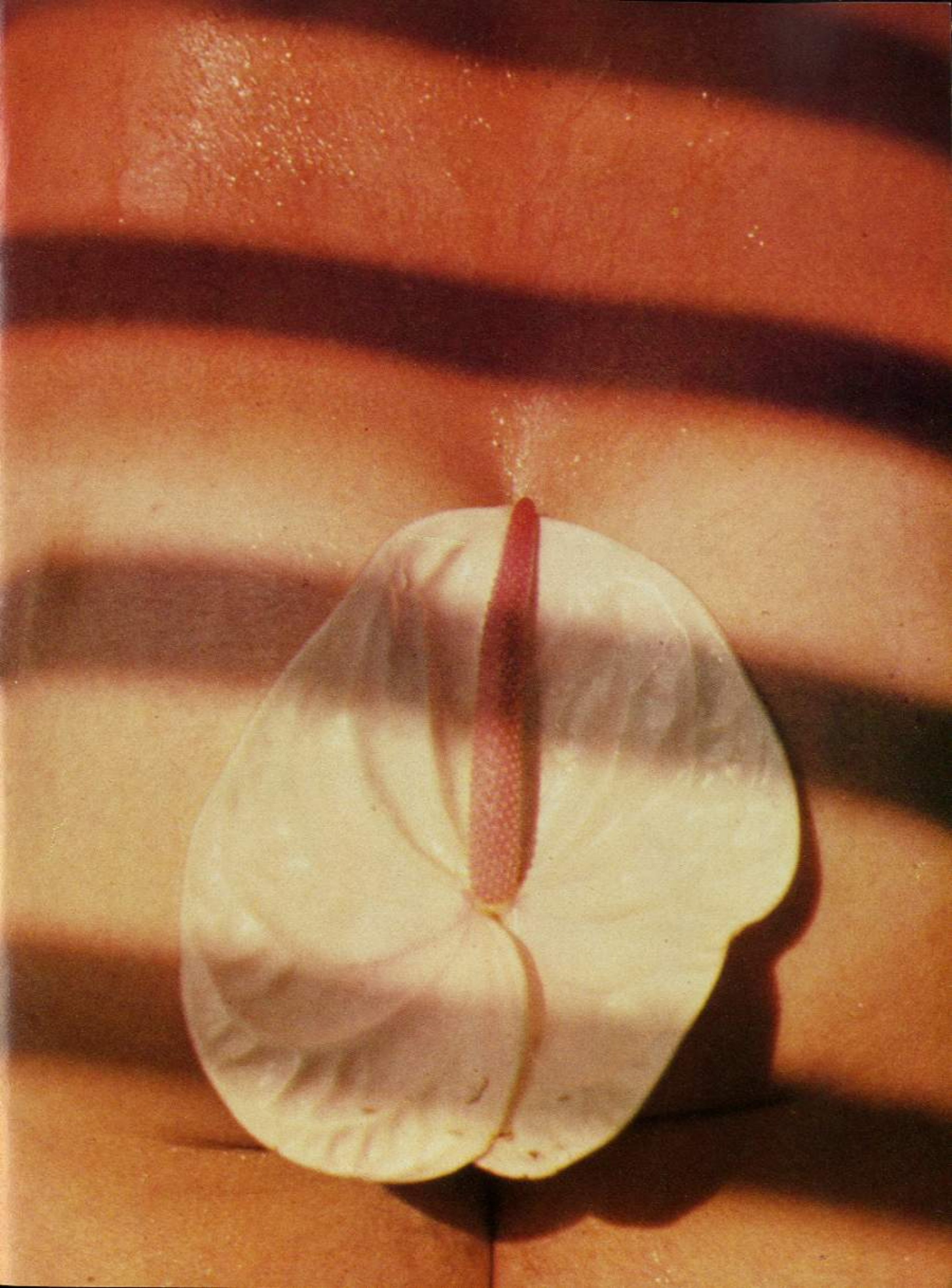
SEXUAL ICONS

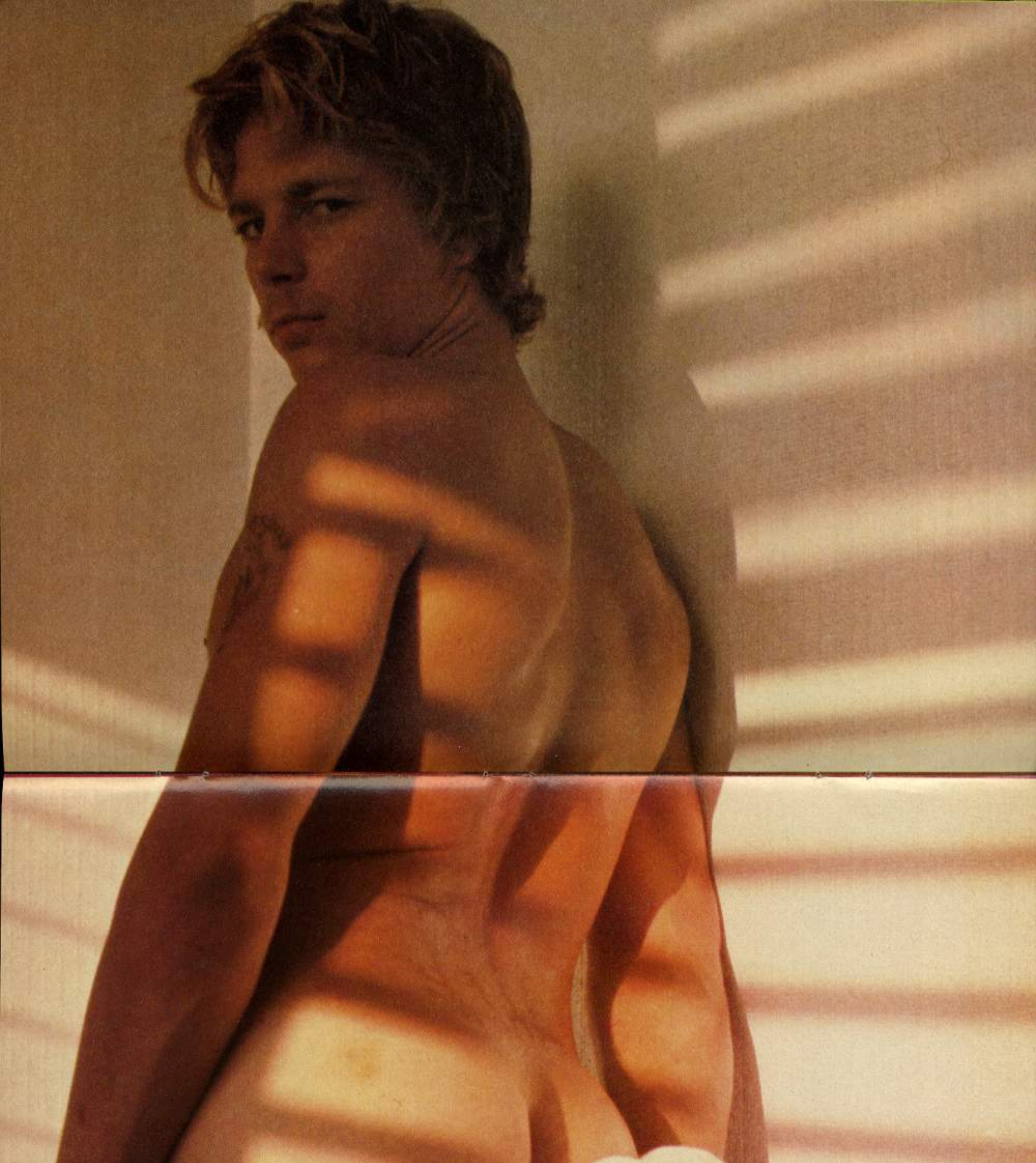
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SODOMA

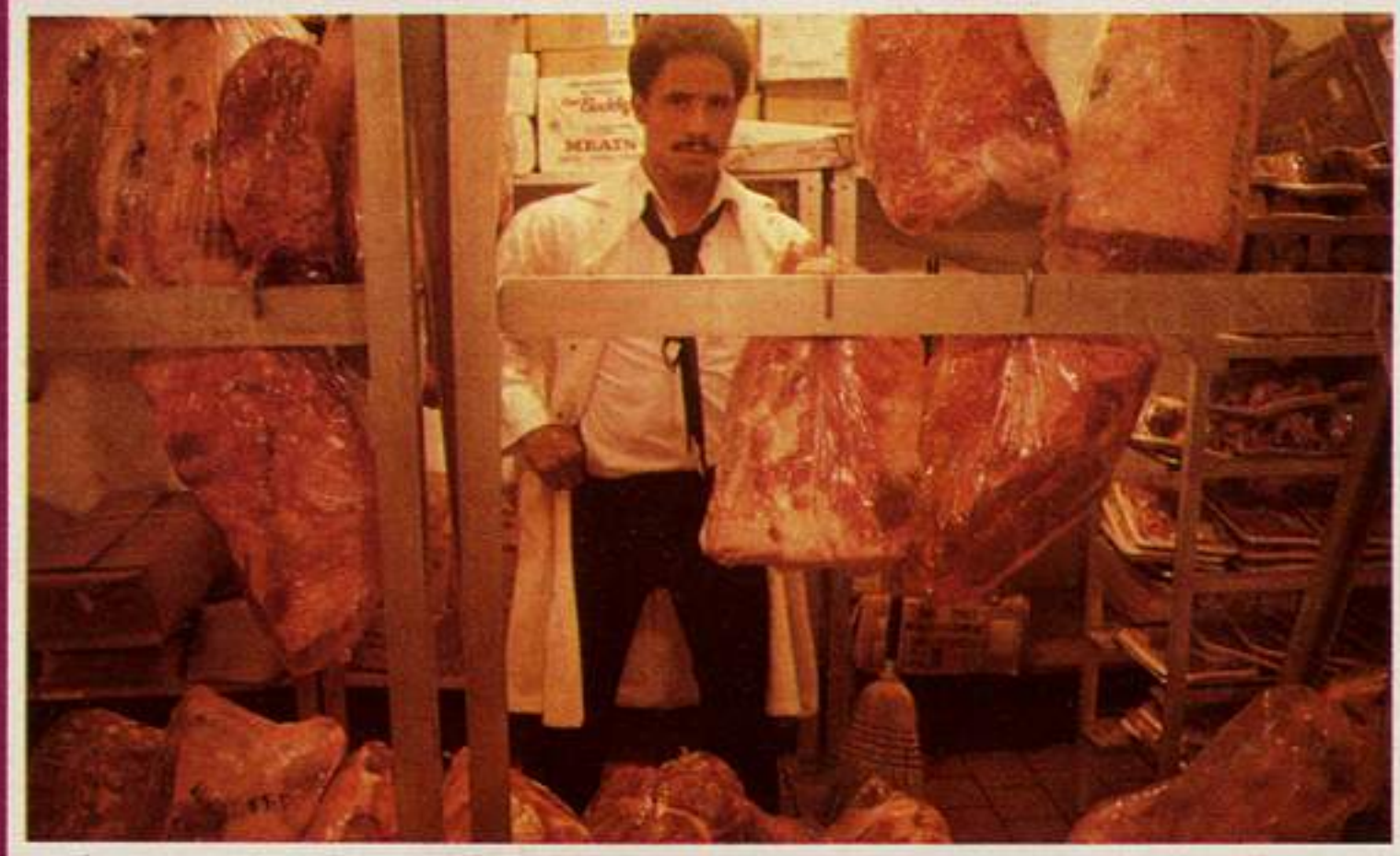
ZIPPER



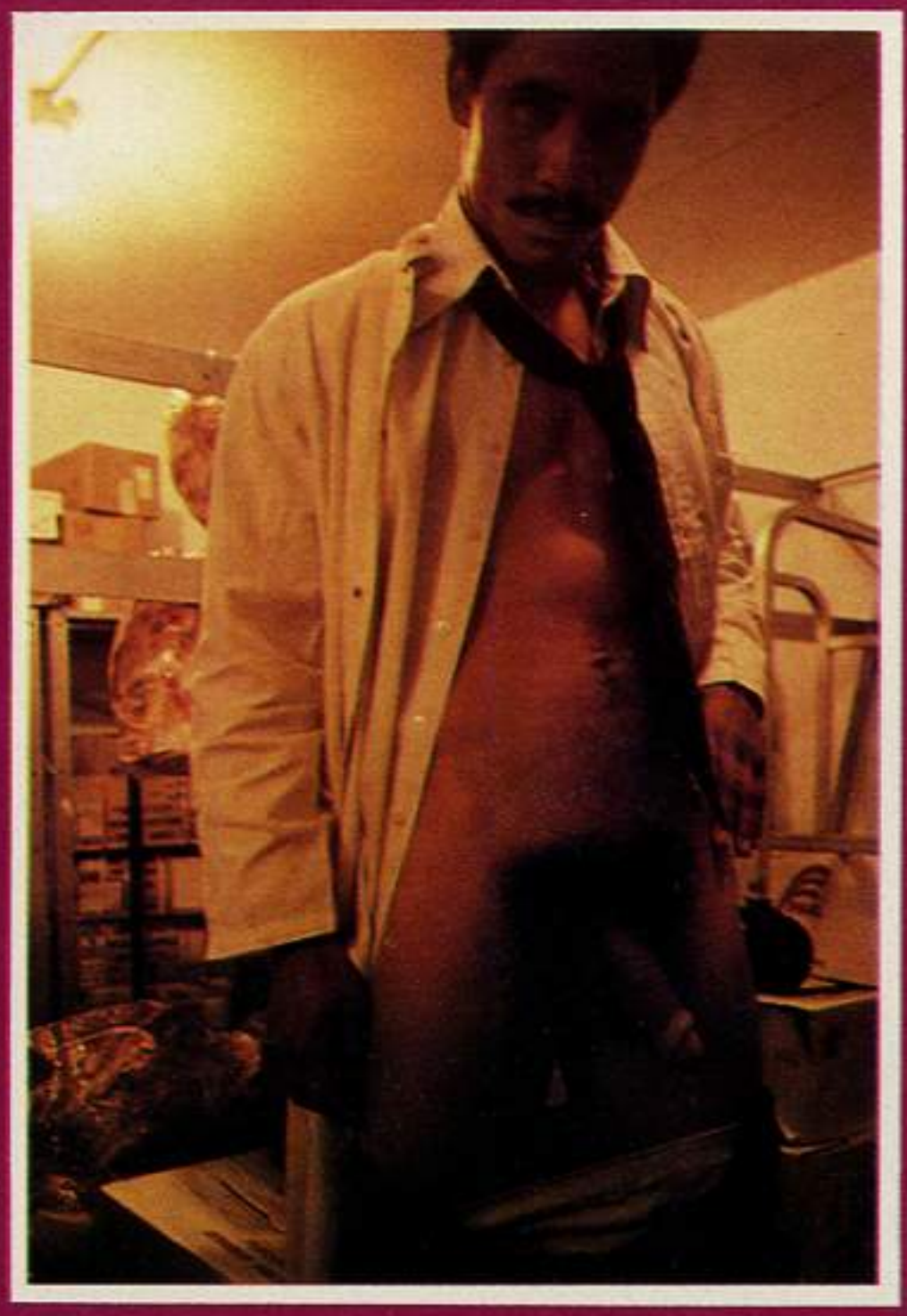
ANTHURIUS







BUTCH



BUTCH

CONTROL

LAS PALMAS

BY WALTER FEBICK

At the time it seemed like a good idea.
Now Martin regretted ever having
come across the brochure. He took
another sip of Bloody Mary, looked at
the pool in the early morning light.
A stone serpent's head, its
mouth spewing a jet of water, glared
at him menacingly.
He mopped his brow and glared back
at it with equal intensity.
It was one of those blazing Key West
days when gravity loses force and
even the palms appear hypnotized
by the pulse of the tropical sun. "Las
Palmas is hot!" the brochure had
said. He realized now they hadn't lied.
But the heat did not disturb him
so much as his thoughts, occupied
with the trouble between
himself and Dennis.
It had been more than a week since
they had checked into the hotel
Las Palmas. But the emotional binge
had begun before then, Martin recalled.
It had been prompted, he believed,
because of another failed audition.
Dennis began drinking soon
after their plane had taken off from New
York, quarrelling with the stewardesses
and later with the hotel desk
clerk. Then the embarrassing pass
made at the porter.
They had followed the blond youth
in white satin gym shorts and tee
shirt emblazoned with "Las Palmas" up
a curved flight of stone steps
lined with oversized concrete flower pots
to a balcony which ran the length
of a courtyard. Martin had looked down
at the sun-drenched patio beneath
them. Music roared from an
unseen loudspeaker while a dozen
people baked themselves
around the pool. A few more sat
around the outside bar.

Illustrated by Jean-Marie Troillard

Jean-Marie Troillard

The hotel manicurist was busying herself with someone's nails. A voice was screaming "Bitch!" No one was in the pool.

Their room was clean and spare—two twin beds, an RCA color TV and gothic wallpaper. Martin turned to Dennis, who had already flopped down on one of the beds. "Isn't it quaint? A Holiday Inn from the Spanish Inquisition."

"You would want to come here," Dennis accused him.

"You begged to come here! Anyway, you didn't have to make a fool of yourself with that poor boy. You're drunk, aren't you?"

"You're doing it again, Martin."

"Doing what?"

"Doing what you always do. You don't even realize it, do you? The way you judge other people. Only I'm not buying it anymore." He closed his eyes, ignored Martin elaborately.

Martin stretched himself out on the other bed, decided to rest also. When he awoke it was evening. He turned to look at Dennis, still asleep on the other bed. He was struck for an odd moment by the beauty of this man, his lover. Dennis was, after all, quite a hunk. Over six feet without shoes, he was an Italian with thick jet black hair and mustache, fine features and a body firmed and muscled from a conscientious daily workout with weights. "You're so lucky . . . " people would say to Martin. They did not know Dennis as he had once been—a skinny and pimpled adolescent with hair down to his shoulders. It had taken Martin a while to realize he had married a frog who had turned into a prince.

He stood up and walked to the latticed window. Watching for a moment the gulf currents glistening in the moonlight, he listened for the crashing waves, heard the rustle of palm leaves and a thumping distant music. He decided to go downstairs and check out the action. He was selecting slacks and a shirt to wear when Dennis opened one eye suspiciously.

"Where are you going?"

"Downstairs, to the bar," he answered. "Want to join me?"

"In a while. I have to get myself together."

Stepping out of the room onto the balcony, Martin took a look at the scene below. There was less of a crowd, but a few people were still drinking at the bar by the pool. He walked down and asked the bartender for a gin and tonic. Sipping the drink, he began thinking about the Coulter account.

The Coulter account—he could prove himself with it. Coulter coffee had a marginal percentage of the market. "That old-time flavor coffee" was what the adds had said since the Forties. What the account needed was a new image. If he could just get Bramson convinced. Damn, I'm doing it again. Thinking about business when I ought to be enjoying myself.

He traded looks with a young man in white shirt and pants. They smiled at each other and the young man walked over and sat down next to him. "How's it going?" he asked.

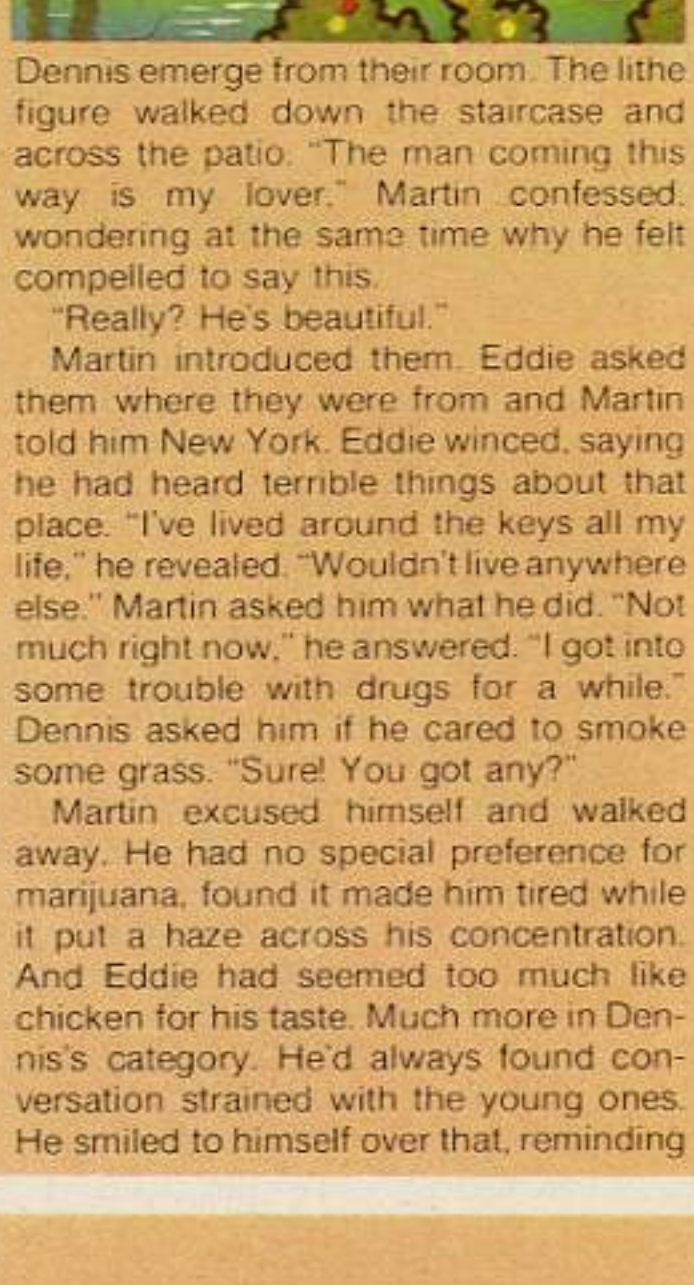
"Just fine," Martin lied.

"I don't think I've seen you before. Did you just get here?"

"Just a short while ago. My name is Martin."

"Pleased to meet you, Martin." They shook hands. "I'm Eddie."

Looking up toward the balcony, he saw



Dennis emerge from their room. The lithe figure walked down the staircase and across the patio. "The man coming this way is my lover," Martin confessed, wondering at the same time why he felt compelled to say this.

"Really? He's beautiful."

Martin introduced them. Eddie asked them where they were from and Martin told him New York. Eddie winced, saying he had heard terrible things about that place. "I've lived around the keys all my life," he revealed. "Wouldn't live anywhere else." Martin asked him what he did. "Not much right now," he answered. "I got into some trouble with drugs for a while." Dennis asked him if he cared to smoke some grass. "Sure! You got any?"

Martin excused himself and walked away. He had no special preference for marijuana, found it made him tired while it put a haze across his concentration. And Eddie had seemed too much like chicken for his taste. Much more in Dennis's category. He'd always found conversation strained with the young ones. He smiled to himself over that, reminding himself he was only thirty-one.

He walked out toward the beach, watched the surf rolling in against the sand. He sat down, lit a cigarette, gazed at the waves glistening in the moonlight. The trouble is we're too different, he thought.

□ □ □

In the week since they arrived at the hotel, Martin made the discovery that the quiet hours of the morning, before all the madness began, were his favorite time of the day. Ten o'clock would find him reclining on one of the lounges beside the pool, an open copy of Agatha Christie in his hands. Not many people began drifting down before eleven. At twelve the music began and from that time on it was a non-stop party.

At twelve-thirty the lemon queen would emerge and ask for a round of backgammon while he eye'd Martin's crotch. His name was Larry but Martin thought of him as the lemon queen because of the lemon slices he habitually used to massage his weather-worn complexion.

At one, Miss Milkshakes would arrive. And at some time during the day would unstrap the top of her bikini, walk to the edge of the diving board, bounce up and down and announce, "Anyone for a milkshake?"

Around two, Alfie would show. Alfie, his beautiful mystery boy whom he did not want to know, afraid familiarity would dissolve the mystery. Alfie, whom he wished to rape.

The terrible twosome, Richard and Raymond, would probably be out by then also, looking for any new trade that might have just arrived. They called themselves lovers, but Martin wondered if they ever had sex without anyone else involved. Now Martin, why do you disapprove? he asked himself. What's wrong with what they do, as long as their games aren't hurting anybody?

"What *are* you afraid of, Martin?" a voice echoed. He saw Steven, sitting on the bed in his room, that second night at the hotel. Beautiful Steven, with grey eyes, challenging him.

"Nothing, absolutely nothing," Martin heard himself answering.

"Then you must be mad. I wouldn't blame you for that. After all, you and Dennis are lovers, and I did seduce him."

"You're wrong. Dennis and I have an open relationship."

"Still, what do you think of me? You want to know the truth? I want you, Martin. I want you just as much as I ever wanted Dennis. More now, because I've already had him, but I haven't had you."

"This is crazy."

Steven put his arms around him. They

(Continued on page 72)

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WHERE ARE THE CLOWNS

Michael: "What's so fucking funny?"
Harold: "Life. Life is a goddamn laff-riot. You remember life."

Act II, *The Boys in the Band*

Remember when being gay was a joke in itself, the whole joke and nothing but? Mart Crowley's play was the tail-end of this tradition, and if some critics regarded it as "the first sympathetic homosexual comedy" in 1968, we can see now that *The Boys in the Band* was not so much funny as hysterical, tormented and pleading.

On the flip side of this self-contempt was the barbarous derision which sprang from homophobic contempt—guised, of course, in comedy. But somewhere in the Seventies, gays began to laugh back. Self-respecting humor became a part of the budding sensibility, and it was a sign of maturity to be able to recognize the vulnerable side not only of "gayness" but of "straightness" as well. If there is a satisfactory definition of gay humor—a phrase which isn't really redundant—it's whenever a homosexual laughs. Ultimately, the best humor transcends category by alleviating the ordinariness of life.

The following quiz (for which answers are provided at the end of the questions) has been compiled to test our knowledge of homophile humor. But remember, when asking yourself, "What's so fucking funny?", that these samples are random and manifold. And you don't *have* to laugh.

I. Which famous philosophers cryptically quipped the following quotes?

A. There is nothing a 15-year-old boy won't do for a penknife.
B. There is honor in sexually gratifying a good man in an honorable manner.
C. A really well-made buttonhole is the only link between Art and Nature.
D. Always be satisfied with your sex, or you'll never be satisfied with anyone else's.

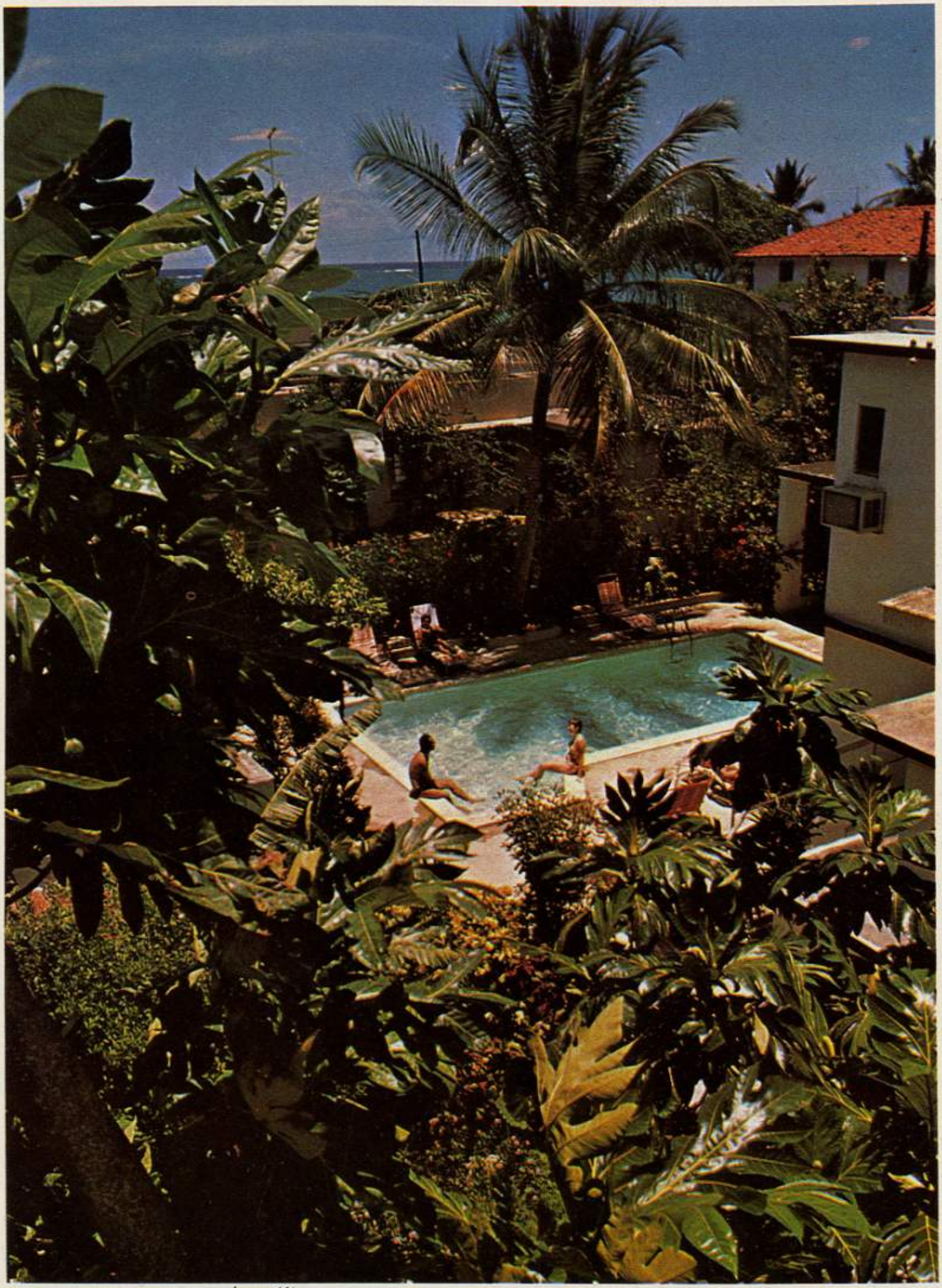
Plato, Eva Gabor, Marlene Dietrich, Oscar Wilde, Aristotle.

II. Which of the following is a fictitious movie quote?

A. "Don't worry, darling, the day I met you I lost all interest in women." —Joey Popchick to his girlfriend in *Movie, Movie*.
B. "My despair will not be complete without your filthy boot in my wet gaping mouth." —R.W. Fassbinder in *Fox and his Friends*.
C. "He was the only mug I ever wanted to hold on to. You know, he blew me for a lot of plastic saints." —Gable, talking about Spencer Tracy in *San Francisco*.
D. "My breasts! Where are my

(Continued on page 81)

BY P. GREGORY SPRINGER / ILLUSTRATED BY DAVE CALVER



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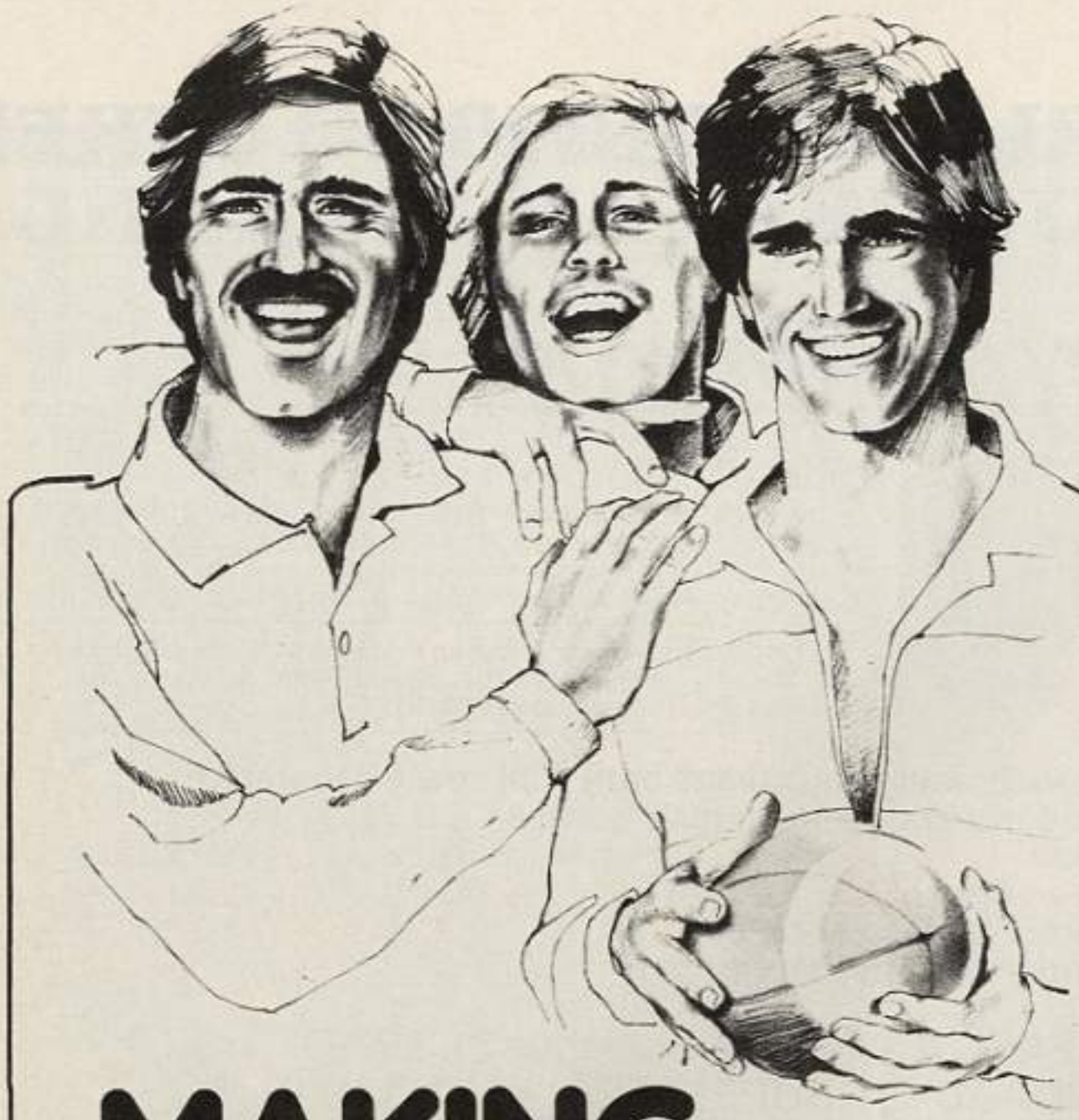

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FRIENDS AND FRIENDS OF FRIENDS

Athens, 1977

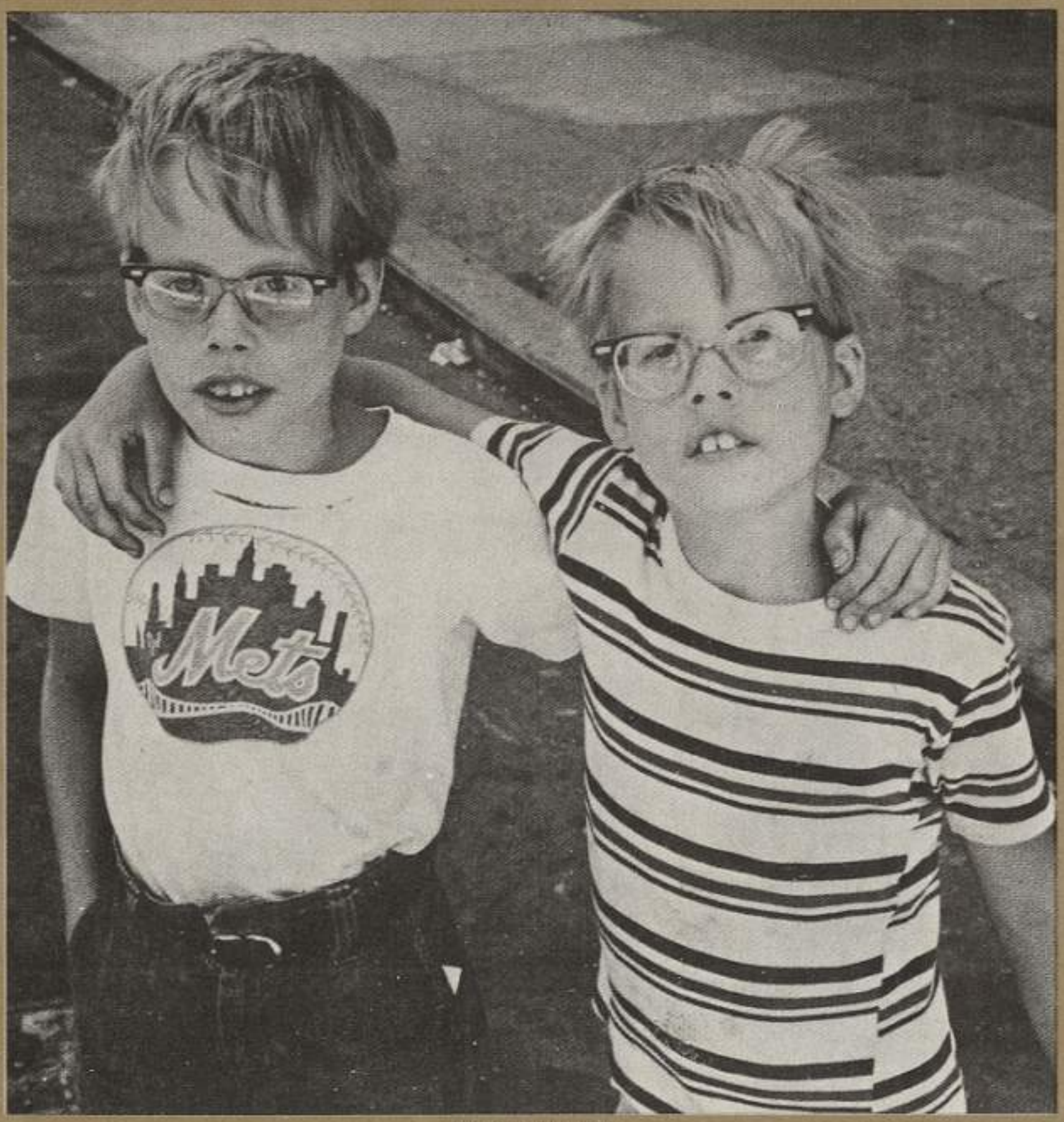
Photography, whether reflecting or creating the ideals of its time, is an instrument of morality. The photographs by which Bernard Pierre Wolff documents male/male bonding, while not explicitly conveying moral judgment, nevertheless make a profoundly moral statement. It is not wrong, Wolff implies, nor is it uncommon, for men to show affection for one another. Indeed, it is physical closeness and contact—signifying friendship among the men and boys Wolff has chosen as "models" for *Friends and Friends of Friends*—that ensures our humanity. That most of his subjects appear to have been photographed willingly and in public spaces attests to the reflective nature of his project: Wolff is simply revealing what unseeing heterosexual eyes may have missed, and he is doing so (this being the central conceit of the book) in a dual context—heterosexual and homosexual. In an eloquent introduction, John Leonard reminds the reader that men have been known to die for their friends and that they "are not strangers to nests and webs." Gay men, perhaps more courageously than others, have explored and articulated these mysterious regions of human behavior and it is the special appeal, even charm, of *Friends and Friends of Friends* that such "privileged moments" (as Sontag has defined a still photograph) are now visible to all.

Photos excerpted from the book *Friends and Friends of Friends* by Bernard Pierre Wolff, by permission of the publisher, E.P. Dutton.

Athens, 1977

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERNARD PIERRE WOLFF

Athens, 1977



New York City, 1974

F R I

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I E N D S

New York City, 1976

Lucknow, India, 1975

LAS PALMAS

(Continued from page 60)

toppled towards the bed as Steven ground his body into him, pressing his mouth against his lips. They were two tanned bodies making love on dark green sheets while rock music blared from the courtyard below. A cat had climbed up to the terrace and now sat perched on the windowsill, a black silhouette against the night-time sky, yawning at the tangle of arms and legs on the crumpled bed.

Dennis would later ask him if he had enjoyed it and he would admit that he had. And Dennis would tell him that wasn't the way he'd wanted it, not the two of them, taking their turns, but all three, together.

"Look at Richard and Raymond," he would say. "They go in for threesomes that seem to work out."

"We're not Richard and Raymond."

"I know. But couldn't it work out for us just as well? We've been together five years, Martin. We've had a loose relationship for three of those years. But you've always gone your way and I've always gone mine."

"You're bored, is that it?"

"Be honest. Haven't you ever thought about a threesome?"

"It would never work out."

"How do you know?"

"All the while I'd be thinking how you'd be hating me for getting it on with another guy in front of you."

"But I'd be getting it on too! Martin, I wouldn't be jealous. I swear I wouldn't."

"Well, you say that now, but . . . "

"If you ask me, it's *you* who are the one who would be jealous! Only you won't admit it!"

Martin sighed. "Okay. If the right guy comes along . . . that is, if we can *agree* on a right guy . . . "

Perhaps I was wrong, Martin thought, in never having allowed it to happen before. Of course, there are more combinations possible in three-way sex, and we must have tried them all. And there was something else—the thrill, exhibitionistic he now realized, of doing it with someone while your lover was participating. Both of us watching the number enjoying us, carrying it around in a psychological circle.

Afterwards, Dennis asking him if he had enjoyed it and having to be careful, knowing what ground he was treading on. Yes, of course I enjoyed it. You enjoyed it too.

And Dennis would turn to him and tell him that it's been five years, Martin. And it's not like it once was and there's no use in kidding ourselves about it. We're both different people now and we've been growing apart all this time, now haven't we?

I can still see you standing there challenging me with that question. I would not argue with you, because I would see, or think I would see, our past, present and future, all tied into that one moment, and think that it wouldn't be worth the words anymore. You would see this too, and hate me, hate me for not caring enough to feel any other way.

"Can I get you anything, Martin?" a voice shot through his thoughts.

And there was something else: The thrill, exhibitionistic he now realized, of doing it with someone while your lover was participating; both of you watching the number enjoying it, all of you carrying it around in a psychological circle.

Martin opened his eyes and looked up to see Roy, the pool boy, standing before him. "Yes, Roy. I'll have a Bloody Mary."

A few moments later Roy returned with his drink. "Here you go," he said, setting the tray down before him. "Anything else I can get you?"

"No thanks."

"You look like you're burning. You have to be careful these first few days out, you know. Not too many people are. Most just simply go wild!"

"Yes, I know what you mean."

"None of it seems to affect you, Martin. You're not even interested, are you?"

"I'm particular," Martin admitted.

"Yes, I sort of guessed that. And there are ways of going about things discreetly. Wouldn't you say?"

"Yes, although discretion hardly seems to be an issue here."

"There are several guys here interested in you, Martin. But you seem so cool. Excuse me if I'm being too blunt, but I really don't understand it. How can you sit here when . . . "

"When Dennis is off whoring his ass?"

"Well, yes."

"It doesn't bother me."

Roy smiled without enthusiasm. "It's nice to have an understanding, I suppose."

He watched Roy walk away, wondering if the man's concern was genuine or just a pose.

What had ever made him come to this place anyway? "A Place To Be Gay" the brochure for the hotel had said. But what exactly was being gay? A sexual preference, he had assumed, which colored everything about his life, though he would sometimes wonder why. Couldn't one be gay without always having to be "gay"? There were people, he knew, who led lives which never touched on the bar scene. Who did not live in cities. Who were not interested in the theatre or art or any of the things gay people were supposed to be interested in. While he knew he did not belong among them, it gave him comfort to know that such people existed. He felt he did not belong among what he termed the professional gays either. But exactly where he fit in, he was still uncertain about.

He had grown up amidst a suburban landscape of green lawns and shade trees, split-level homes with television antennas pointed proudly toward the sky. In college he had made the discovery he was gay and divided himself in two: the social being, a plastic litmus, and the gay secret self. Later, with a varnish of Manhattan sophistication, working on Madison Avenue in a Clark Kent disguise, prowling the Village at night in his Li'l Abner uniform, he found a community of spirit. He was only one ant, he realized, in an urban anthill of schizos.

He recalled every apartment in New York he'd ever lived in, including the one off Second Avenue, around the corner from the bar where he'd first met Dennis. It was crazy, he thought, the way they had clicked. Dennis told everyone he was an actor. What he did was drive a cab. Martin saw it as based on the same disguise as his own—a writer who worked in an advertising agency.

He had worked with some of the once-great names in advertising—the wrecks now floating on a sea of drugs and alcohol, having crashed against the rocks of too much success or not enough. The once proud and beautiful princesses who had breathed words of fire, now dexedrined and martinied lunatics, out for

blood since it was no longer on their tampons.

Success: Martin saw that for every person it was different. He knew of the need for it in Dennis the actor, recognized the same psychological pattern in himself as a writer—yet felt he had made his compromise with reality successfully. A similar compromise, he was beginning to suspect with an uneasy sense of clarity, would destroy Dennis. He opened his eyes, blinked furiously into the sunlight, fought back the realization.

The lemon queen was headed towards him, had stopped to chat with Roy. It gave him enough time to make a getaway. He walked into a garden beyond the high, vine-covered wall at the far end of the patio. A stone path gradually descended to a fountain. The sun seemed to have gone behind a cloud. Looking up, he saw that it had not, but that the dense foliage now nearly blocked out the sky. He sensed a movement behind him and, turning around, saw a man walking through the trees, wearing only bathing trunks. The man stopped and stared at him, his hand playing with the elastic of his trunks. Martin suddenly realized he was aroused.

They edged closer toward each other. The man had slipped out of his trunks and stood before him nude, stroking his half-hard cock. Martin felt his own shorts unbearably confining. He touched the other man's body, kissed him.

"Do you have a place?" he asked.

"I'm staying at the Cyprus Lodge," the man answered.

"Can we go there?"

He shook his head sideways. "I have a lover . . ."

□ □ □

"Martin, the thing I really like about you," Eddie had told him, "is that you're a part of Dennis."

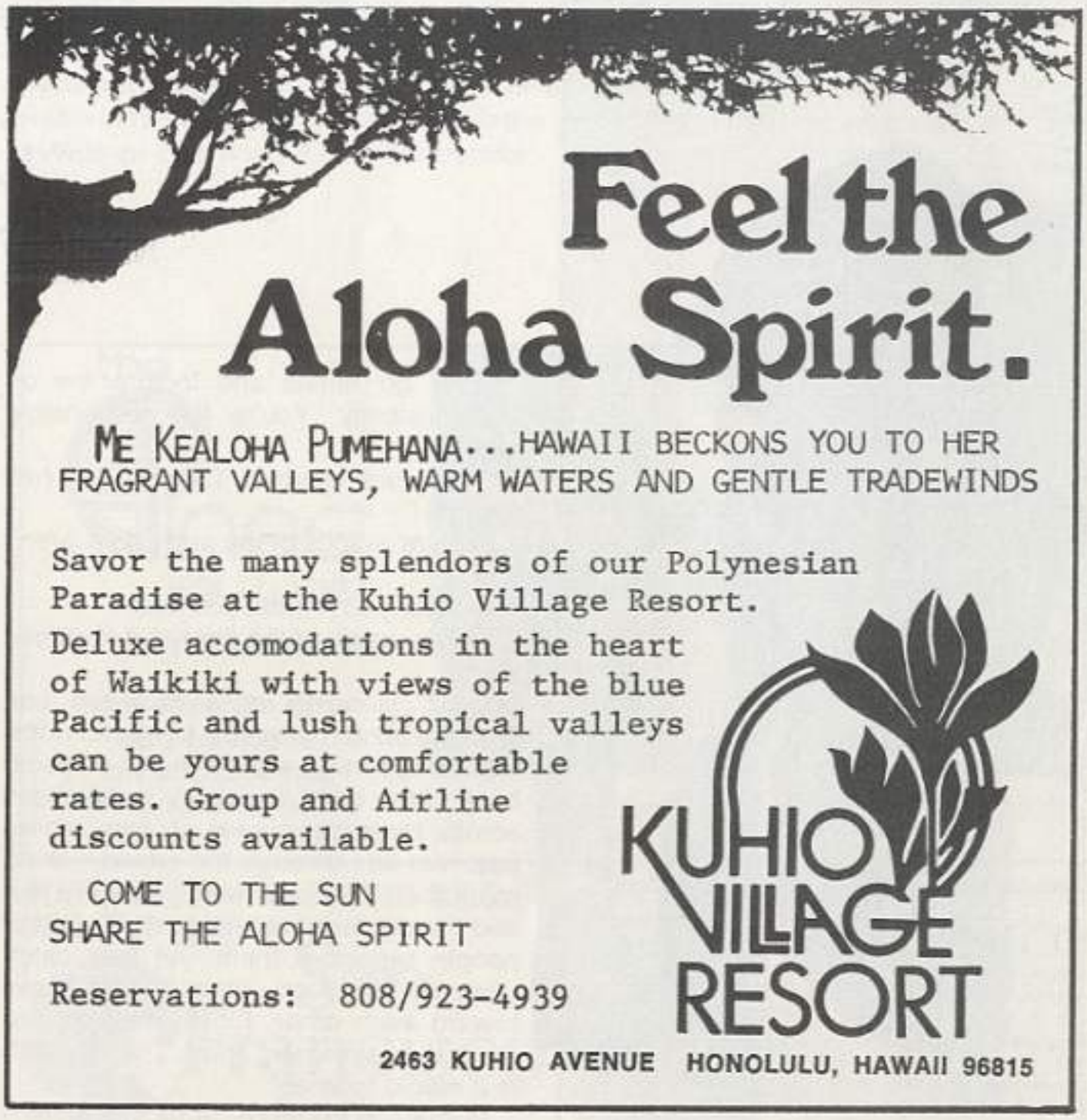
Martin immediately took a long swallow of his drink, attempting to maintain the appearance of indifference, though the remark had actually shaken him. He looked at Eddie and wondered if he were an idiot, or if there was some acute intelligence behind the simple facade, if it was a facade, capable of high degrees of malice.

"He's crazy about me," Dennis later boasted. "I've got him in love with me."

"And what do you intend to do about that?" Martin asked.

Dennis shrugged. "Whatever happens, happens."

"That's an awfully irresponsible attitude." *(Continued on page 74)*



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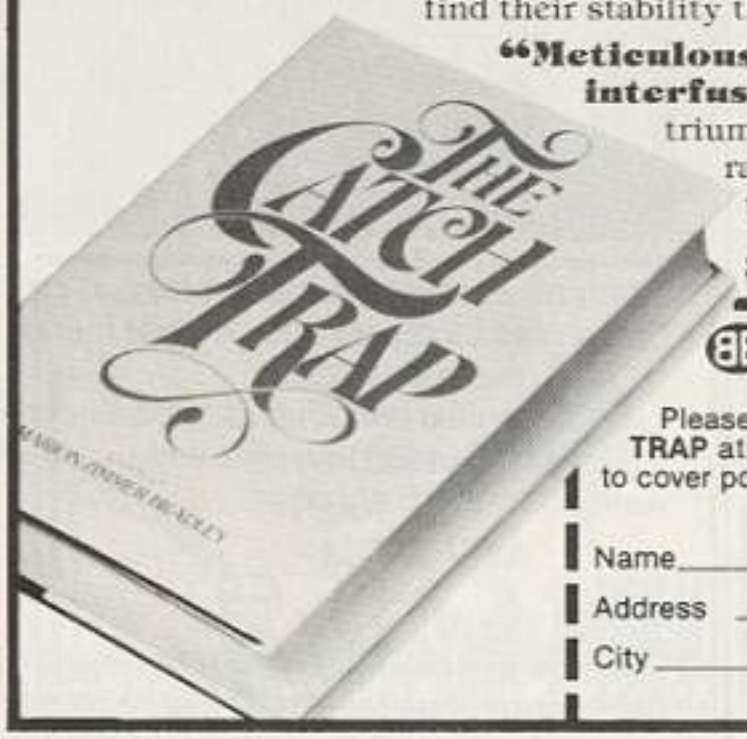

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LAS PALMAS

(Continued from page 73)

"Yes, go ahead and lecture me on irresponsibility. You're the responsible one."

"No more lectures, Dennis. I've had enough."

"You're jealous of me and Eddie, aren't you?"

"I think you're both pathetic!"

Martin watched the door as it slammed shut.

Later, standing in a crowded bar, drinking scotch, it seems to Martin nothing is happening and he thinks of going back to the hotel. Suddenly a blip glides across his radar screen. A face moves past him and through the crowd. For no more than a second their eyes have met and the signals have been sent. A wave of people separates them, yet they catch glimpses of each other. They move toward each other. Finally they are no more than a few feet apart. They smile. It is a magic moment.

Perhaps I'm more attractive than I suppose, he will think. Otherwise why else should this beautiful creature have decided to make it with me? Oh hell, we all get lucky. Martin, don't put yourself down. You know you're desirable. You're more attractive now than you were ten years ago. Damn, it's all so physical. Either you fit into someone's fantasy or you don't.

Dennis and Eddie would just be waking up when he would enter the room. The three of them would stare at each other, waiting to see who would react. Martin would walk to the closet without saying a word, and begin to pack.

"What are you doing?" Dennis finally asks.

"I'm leaving," Martin answers. "I'm going back to New York."

"What about *me*?"

"You can stay or leave. That's up to you."

"Martin, I hope you're not mad at me," Eddie says. "I do want to be your friend."

"Well, that's wonderful."

Eddie smiles and looks across the bed to Dennis. But Dennis is already up and walking to the bathroom.

□ □ □

At the airport, Martin sought refuge in the lounge. He sat at the bar, absently lifting a dry martini to his lips, watching a daytime television soap opera. A matron appeared across the screen, telling her best friend she had something important to confide. It seemed to Martin these women were always confiding in each other, and it was always something important.

"There's no point in going on with my marriage to John," the woman said tonelessly. "I realize now he's too involved with his career ever to care for anyone."

Her best friend, who was most likely having an affair with John, issued waves of syrupy sympathy. The dialogue oozed into a commercial announcing the discovery of a new modern miracle-detergent.

The woman's words echoed in his mind. The same words Dennis used in the taxi, accusing him of being married to his career. It was over between them, he informed Martin. When they got back to New York he was going to settle his affairs and leave him for Eddie.

"Do it!" Martin had told him.

You think it's all soft music and moonlight, candle-lit dinners for two, tropical breezes and long walks along the shore at sunset. Words of undying love and heated passion. A storybook romance with a storybook lover. Well, see how long it can last. How long before you can no longer ignore the cracks in the mirror of your fantasy.

Dennis's face had hardened. He did not answer and the silence began to choke them. No matter how long a relationship lasts, it never lasts forever.

Dennis sat down on the empty stool next to him, asked the bartender for a rum and coke, sipped his drink while another commercial flashed on the television. It was for Coulter coffee. Martin's attention drifted to it.

"Martin," Dennis said finally, "This hasn't been easy . . . "

Martin turned to face him. "Maybe you'll be better off with someone like Eddie. Someone who will . . . "

"No, Martin. You're wrong. I'd be better off with you. I love you, Martin. I mean that."

The woman droned on: "It isn't that I don't love him, Martha. But the romance seems to have gone out of our lives . . . " ■

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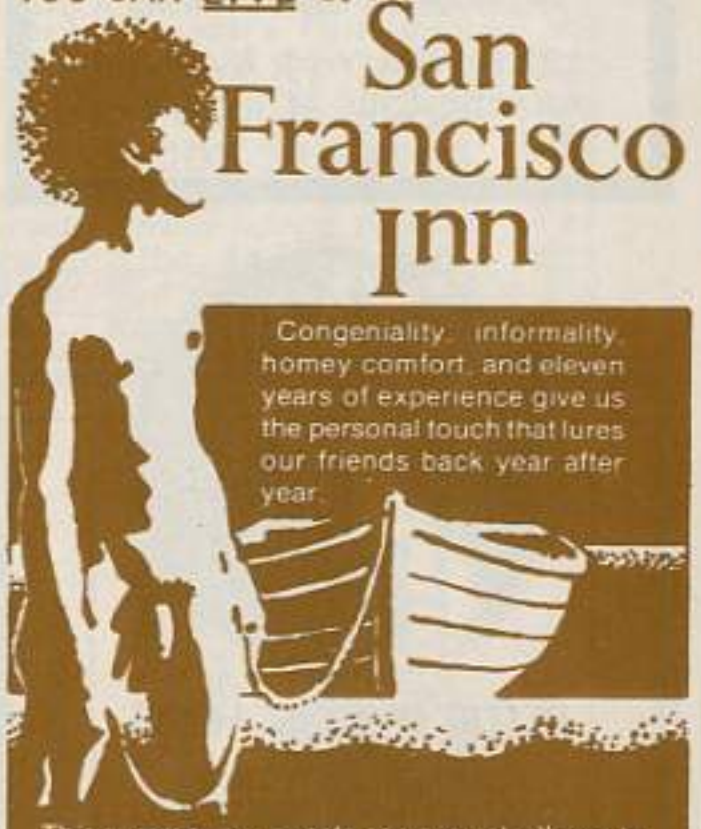

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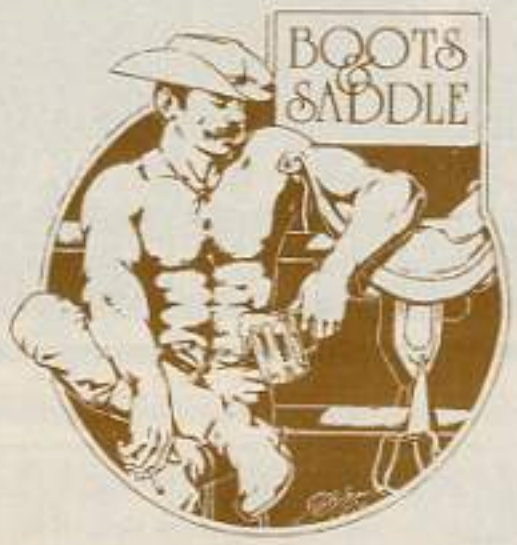

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My associates and I devoted two years to research on hair and skin and found some interesting facts.

Hair grows by new cells being formed in the vital growing area of the follicle and pushing up dead cells. The visible portion of these dead cells is hair. All body cells, including hair cells, reproduce through nutrients carried by the blood. Hair is dead protein. Vitamins, minerals or proteins applied externally can not be effective in any way since pysiologically these can not be absorbed down into the cell growing area. A hair lasts 2-6 years, falls out, and then is replaced.

Why then was I fighting a losing battle? Sebum, an oily wax-like waste product, is secreted by the sebaceous gland, accumulates on the scalp and plugs up the follicle openings preventing the replacement hair from coming through. The result of sebum build-up is dandruff, seborrhea, psoriasis and hair loss. Look at the next bald head you see...what shines is wax; sebum. The dominant male hormone, testosterone, triggers the release of this sebum. This is why there are more bald men than women and women begin losing their hair because of hormonal change after menopause. If a male is castrated his testosterone level drops and consequently sebum secretion drops. Hair follicles remain open and the replacement cycle follows naturally. There is no such thing as a bald eunuch. There had to be a better way to save my hair than castration and my long search led me to Jojoba.

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breasts? —Rex Reed in *Myra Breckenridge.*

III. Camp means:

A. a group of people who support or advance a common opinion or cause.
B. a kind of love for human nature.
C. to realize one must have a heart of stone to read the death of Little Nell without laughing.
D. tender feeling.
E. to see everything in quotation marks.
F. Busby Berkeley's dancing bananas.
G. group masturbation with mosquito lotion around a fire.

IV. True or False?

A. Will Rogers never met a man he didn't like.
B. Ogden Nash wrote:
"That winsome boy's attraction's
Like a shaft of piercing lasar.
I may not be so bold to grope,
But God knows some gays are."
C. James Thurber found sex unnecessary.
D. Mark Twain described a nude go-go and drag show in *Huckleberry Finn.*

V. Which of the following parodies from the "Gay Ish" (May 1977, *National Lampoon*) did *not* appear?

A. "Are You Cruising with Me, Lord?"
B. "Froots," by Alex Gayley
C. Annual Putzlicker Prizes
D. Better Homes and Closets
E. *Unpaid Bills*, "La Rent Est Due," by Truman Garbage

VI. In the *Lampoon's* Anita Bryant Homo No-Mo Macho Building Course ("Hi, I'm Anita Bryant. And I can cure homosexuality in just 10 days."), which is *not* listed as one of the 7 Deadly Signs of Homosexuality?

A. Carrying your books funny
B. Short sleeve shirts
C. Spending too much time with girls
D. Wearing wristwatch backwards
E. Limp wrists
F. Being careful with parents' car
G. Yoga
H. Being polite to policemen

VII. Which rock stars sang the following songs?

A. "Holly came from Miami, F.L.A.
Hitchhiked her way across the U.S.A.,
Plucked her eyebrows on the way,
Shaved her legs and then he was a she."
© 1972 Oakfield Ave, Music LTD
B. "You see he's not a faggot as you might suppose,
He just feels restricted in conventional clothes,
Cause when he puts on that dress.
He feels like a princess."
©1977 Davray Music
C. "His nebulous body swayed above,
His tongue swollen with devil's love,
The snake and I, a venom high,
I said, 'Do it again, do it again'"
ASCAP
D. "Young man, there's a place you can go,
Young man, when you're short on your dough,
You can stay there, and I'm sure you will find,
Many ways to have a good time."
©1978 Casablanca Records
E. "You're just a pile of shit,
You coming to this,
You poor little faggot,
You sealed it with a kiss,
Well, kiss this!"
©1977 Warner Brothers

VIII. Pick the title of these examples of diligent research:

A. Parker Tyler devoted twelve pages in what book to proving that *The Great Escape* was a conscious homosexual mystery story because the three (anal) escape tunnels are named Tom, Dick, and Harry, and because the dirt is smuggled out in sausage-like tubes hidden in men's pants?
B. What was the title of Leslie Fiedler's famous essay which discovered the great American novel to be profoundly gay in nature, and which used the male-male romantic adventures of *Huckleberry Finn, Moby Dick*, and *Last of the Mohicans* as examples?
C. Ruth Tiefenbrun dedicated a book to explicating the stories of Franz Kafka thusly: "It is only when one reads the totality of Kafka's writings that it becomes apparent that the predicament of all of his heroes is based on the fact that they are all homosexuals . . . When Gregor awakened on the morning of his transformation, he felt an itching area on his belly... (his) latent disease had erupted .. he could no longer control his incestuous and homosexual drives. What is the name of this book?
D. *Time* magazine (Nov. 13, 1978) drew a storm of reader protest when it reported the thesis of Alan Dundes, a University of California anthropologist. Dundes, in his article, drew the conclusion that sports celebrate a "homosexual ceremony," with uniforms, language and actions that conform to exaggerations of male-male affection. What was the *Time* article entitled?

TITLES: *The Basket and the Balls, Screening the Sexes, The Cult of Male Friendship, Moment of Torment, Come Back to the Raft Ag'in, Huck Honey, Football as Erotic Ritual, Probing the Depths.*

IX. What modern humorist wrote or said each of the following?

A. "And God bless Uncle Harry and his roommate Jack, who we're not supposed to talk about."
B. "Yea. Homosexuality. Ok. Abnormal in the classic sense of the word 'abnormality.' Out of step. Cause they're a minority, definitely. If you were a faggot, then it'd be cool. Contemporary, Yea. But they should really redefine the word 'homosexual,' make it more definitive. Just dig. Homosexual I'd assume is anybody who's ever been involved in any homosexual act. That's a beautiful generalization, that. 'Cause I assume that you are all faggots then. Yea."
C. "What if he's masturbating? I might end up on the ceiling! Or, what if it's a homosexual encounter?"
D. "Courtship consisted of walking along the street with a man who had my elbow in a merciless grip until we came to a dark doorway. Then he said, 'This'll do.' These are the only words of tenderness that were ever uttered to me."
E. "Speciality Banking for Homosexuals: The First National Raving Bank will distinguish itself by being the only bank in town with a two-drink minimum. Special features include the availability of three-dollar bills and checks bearing either a portrait of Ronald Firbank or all the lyrics to 'Somewhere over the Rainbow.' Should a customer of the bank wish to apply for a credit card he need only enter the business area, where he'll find Mr. Eugene, Mr. Randy, Mr. Jose and Mr. Eduardo, ready and willing to furnish him with the information that Master Charge isn't the only game in town. Hours: After."

X. From what novels do these quotes come?

A. "It is the wisdom of the male swinger to know what he is: a man who is socially and economically weak, as much put upon by women as by society. Accepting his situation, he is able to assert himself through a polymorphic sexual abandon in which the lines between the sexes dissolve, to the delight of all. I suspect that this may be the only workable pattern for the future, and it is a most healthy one."

(Continued on page 97)

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HEADWAY

(Continued from page 20)

distinctive, as if there was a mechanism inside the penis. When I widened the slit with my fingers, the suction became stronger and I noticed that my finger stuck to the tip of the penis. Actually, I had noticed this some time before, while blowing the dummy. Often I had felt this force pulling my throat down, so far down that I had to grab hold of it and release myself for fear I would choke. At the time I attributed this to the dummy's immense sexual powers.

I put my eye closer to the slit than ever before, but no sooner had I done this than it was sucked up on the penis head, and stayed glued there while I tried to pull myself away.

Unfortunately, the penis head seemed permanently glued to my right eyelid. I squeezed the bottom of the penis shaft so as to cut off some of the suction, and released my eye, but I didn't pull away fast enough for the suction that had been held back now came forth with such strength that my entire face rammed down into the tiny slit.

Then I was in a slow-motion world where I heard only buzzing and felt pins and needles on my skin. I thought I was going to faint. My body felt huge, while my head felt pressurized by a mammoth cockhead.

Next came the sensation of falling. Stars were swirling everywhere and my head seemed to turn to liquid. I free-styled along while the rest of my body swooshed into the moist slit. In a curious way, I felt I had come home.

It was like a cockpit. There were two control windows, from which I could see my room. I looked at the controls. A whole panel faced me: Talk; Scratch; Blink; Sit down. On and on, hundreds of them.

I was in the head of the blond god!

☐ ☐ ☐

I experimented at the panel. I switched on Walk, and the thing moved. When we came to the door, I had it Open Door and Walk Straight Ahead After Turning Right. On the street, some fellows passed. I steered away from them, pressing Turn Head Slightly. Then came Deep Knee-Bends, Hop, Skip and Jump. I even pressed Cry, and after the tears wet the windshields, I turned on Evaporator.

I let it cruise. I moved in on lots of people to test its beauty. Some stopped for him, some followed. For an aggressive few, I had to push Growl. In a bar a little later on, we Sat Down And Smiled. I had him Play Pinball, Go To Bathroom, and Stand Against Wall. On the dance floor, I nearly fell out of the control box. And when beer seeped up through the control-room floor I had to press Stop Drinking to avoid drowning.

The real surprise came later that night, when he fucked. It jostled me around the control room like a jelly bean. I had mistakenly pressed Delayed Orgasm and was knocked off kilter when the action began, and now, my arms flying every which way, I searched for Orgasm Over.

I don't know how many days had passed before he got the letter. It said "I Love You." I pressed I Love You Too, just to be rid of this talk. It was at this point that I began to wonder about my own life; was I in control here, or was I trapped in some kind of karmic submission?

When I went to the baths one night, I just stretched out and pressed Moan, and scores of people piled on top of us. I could see them staring into the windshields, trying to get some kind of reaction. Some stared a long time. Sometimes I pressed Smile, but most of the time—especially while getting dressed to leave the baths—I ignored the stares by pressing Close Eyes and Hold Head High.

Finally, I got bored with the operation and switched on Auto-Pilot. This meant that we responded to absolutely nothing, and that my dummy had such a fixed stare and countenance that we nearly got run over a couple of times while crossing the street. If a truck rammed into us, maybe I would be freed, as lots of surface areas would be opened and I could climb out. Yet, what would I be when I climbed out?

On several occasions, I turned on three or four panels at once, in hopes this would force me out through one of the nasal passages or the penile channel, from whence I came. There's no reason I can't do this.

Yet the thought of winding up in a piece of kleenex, or on someone's belly ... this horrifies me, and I am silenced into inaction. I am afraid to leave the control room, and so here I sit, or float, or whatever it is I do, trapped in the Head of Beauty.■

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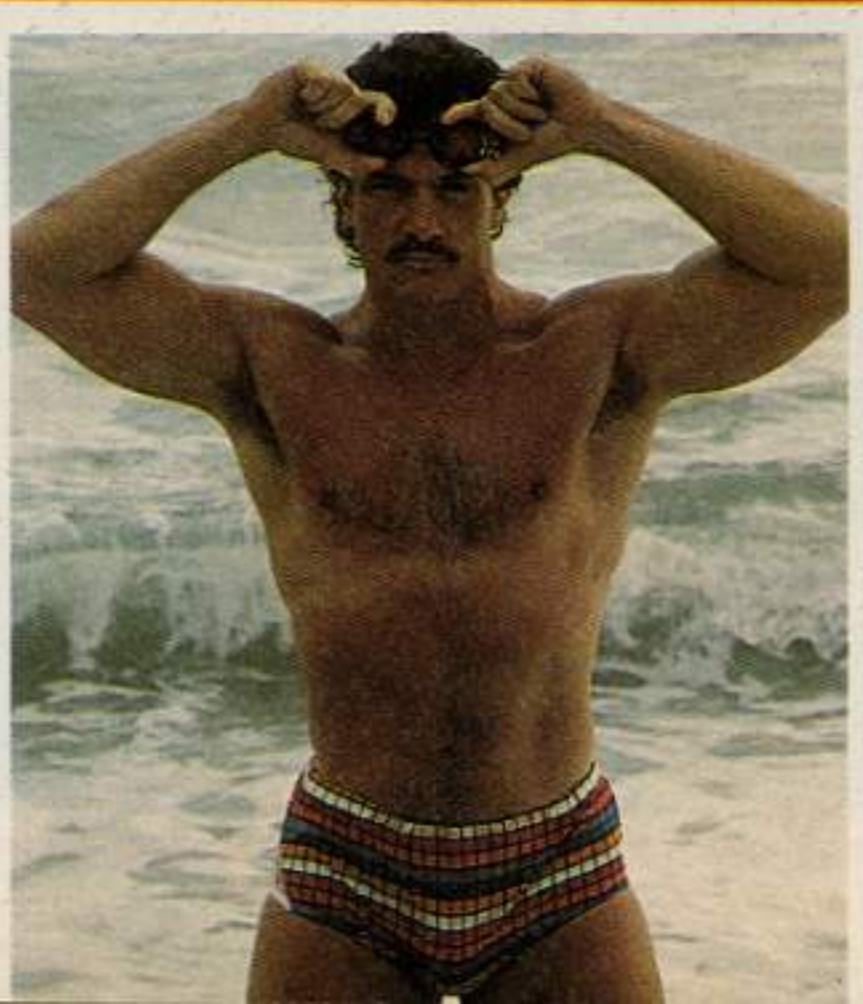
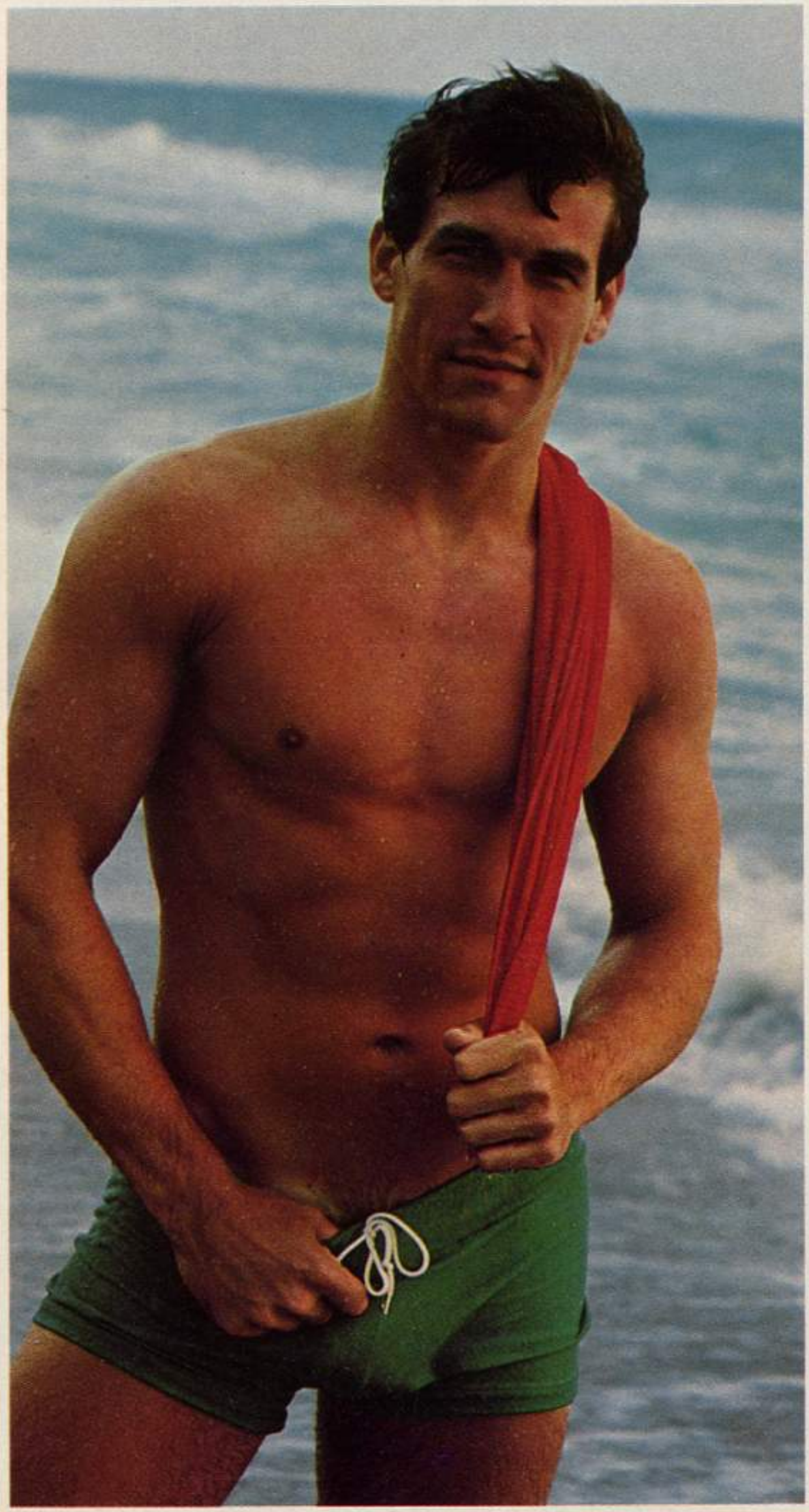
TRUNK LINES

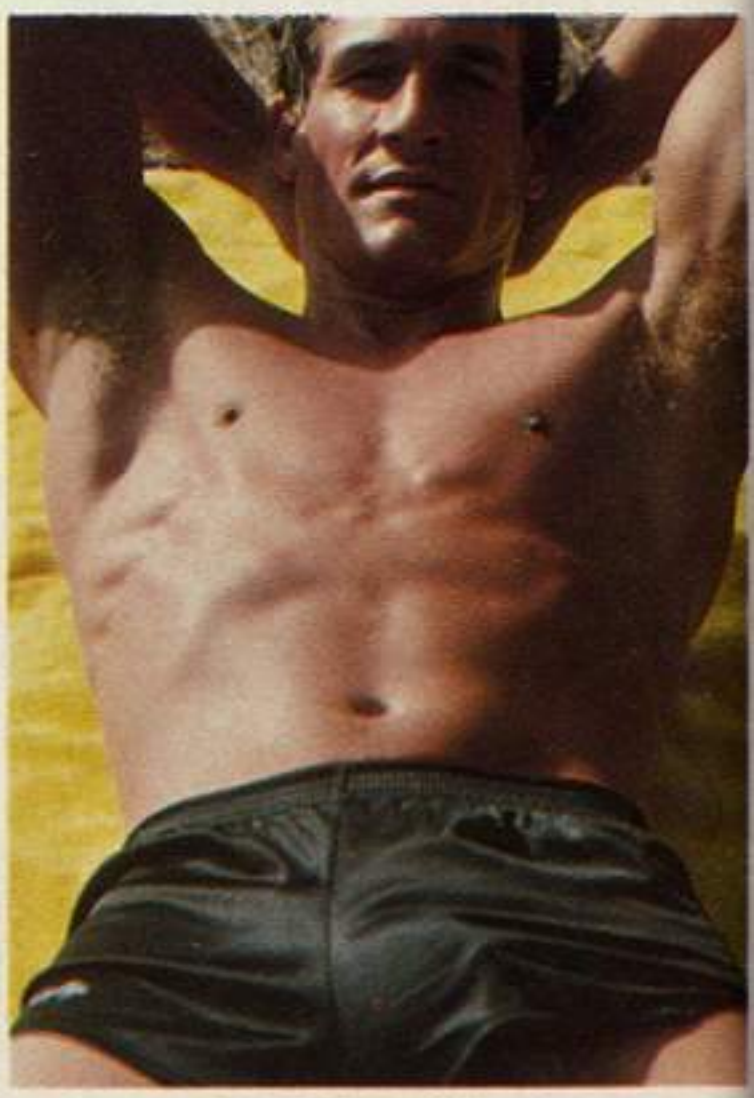
PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHANTAL STEINEM

(Above) Green and yellow briefs by Just Men; matching towels by Fieldcrest. (Far left) Same green brief by Jeffrey Gazal for Just Men; available at Liverpool Boutique, Provincetown, Mass.; $12.95. (Left) Red nylon tricot briefs by Just Men; $12. (Right) Jersey trunks, $12.50, and goggles, $3.50; both by Speedo. (Far right) Print trunks by Head; $12.50.

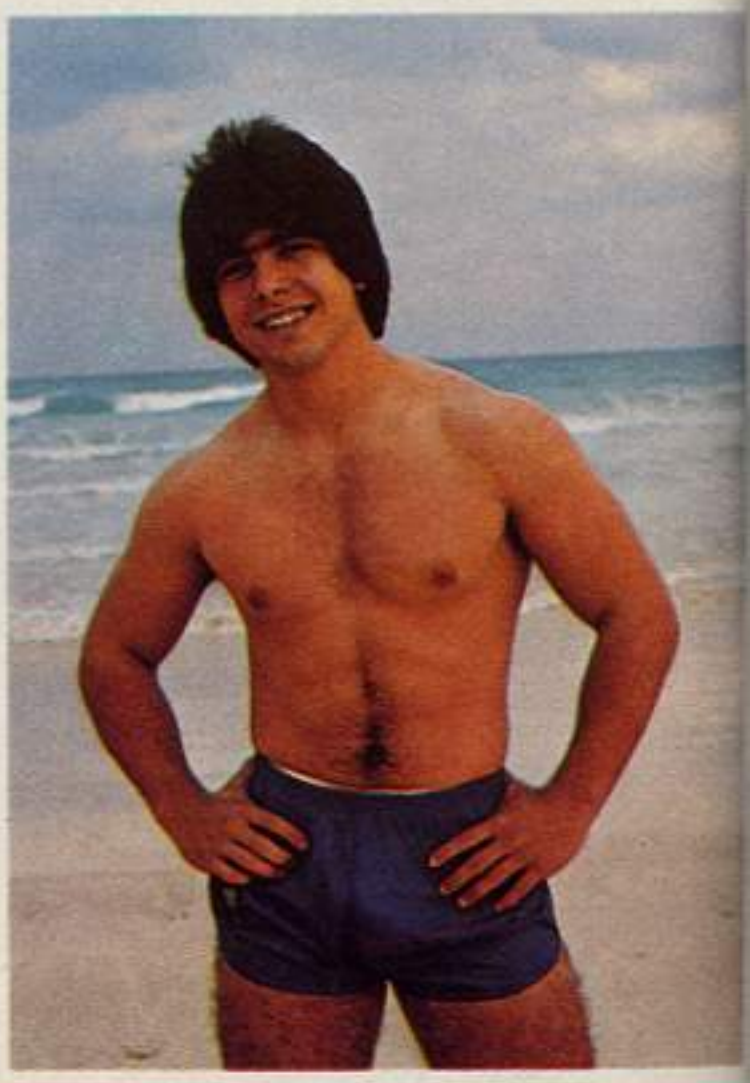


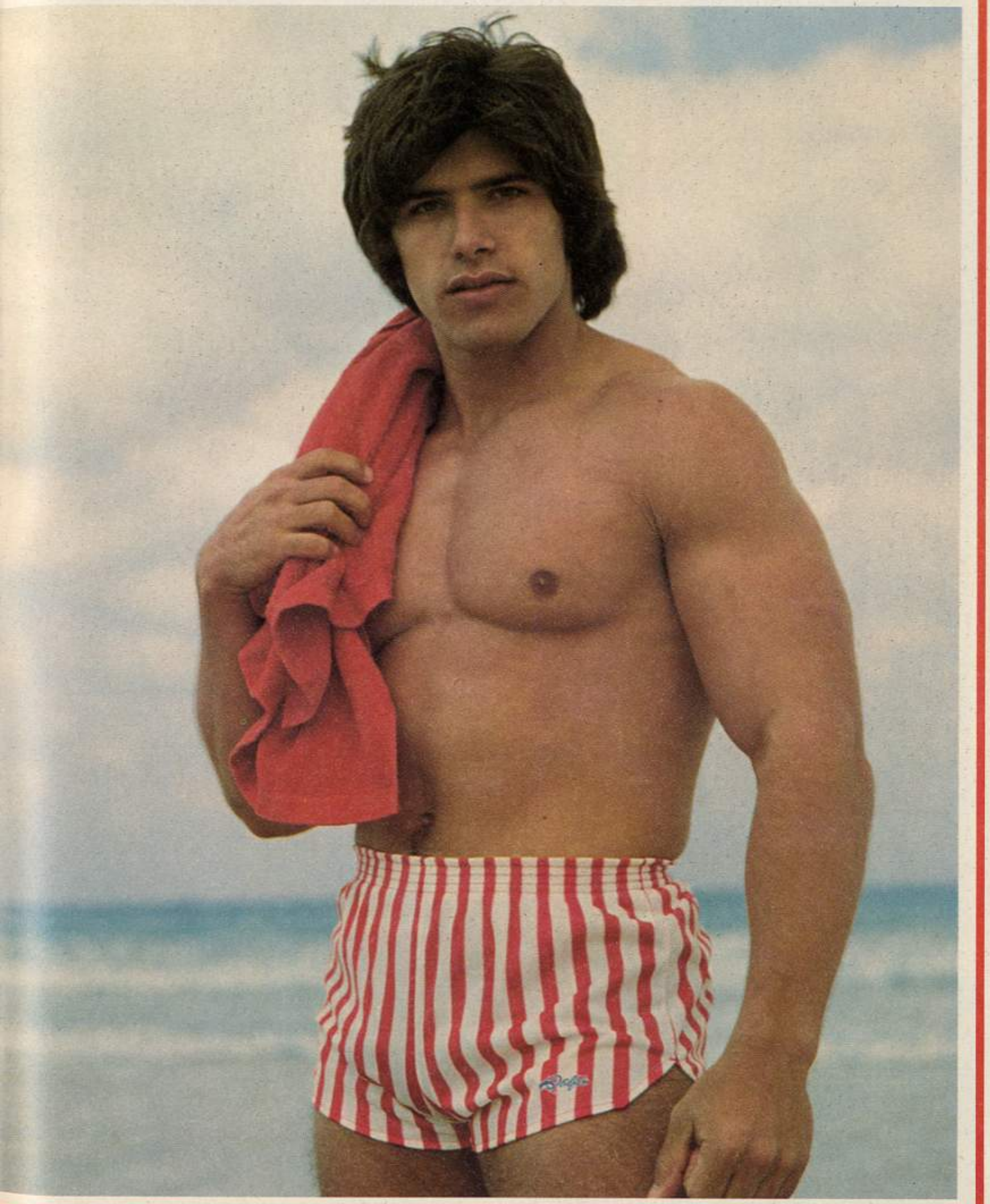
TRUNK LINES

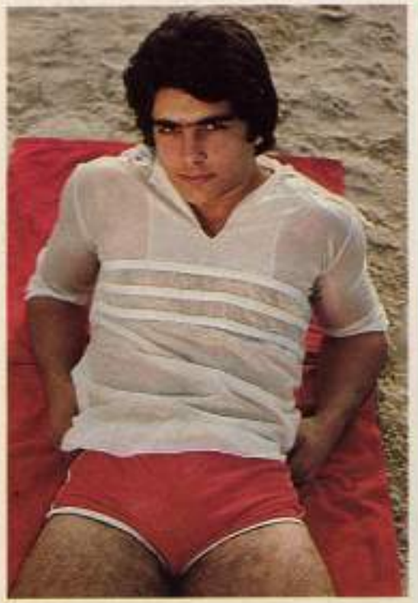




(Left) Flannel-blend trunks by Bear Essentials, $15; available at House of Burgess, Key West, Fla. (Above) Dolphin's nylon tricot shorts and (below) nylon shorts by Frank Shorter for Running Gear; $12. (Right) Candy-striped, nylon tricot trunks by Dolphin; $12.







(Above) Nylon tricot trunks; $12.95. Hooded wind-breaker by Jeffrey Gazal for Just Men; $35. (Below) Rolled, flannel-blend jogging pants, $20, and Bear Essentials' flannel-blend trunks. (Right) Polyester/ cotton-blend mesh tops by Frank Shorter for Running Gear; $14.

TRUNK LINES

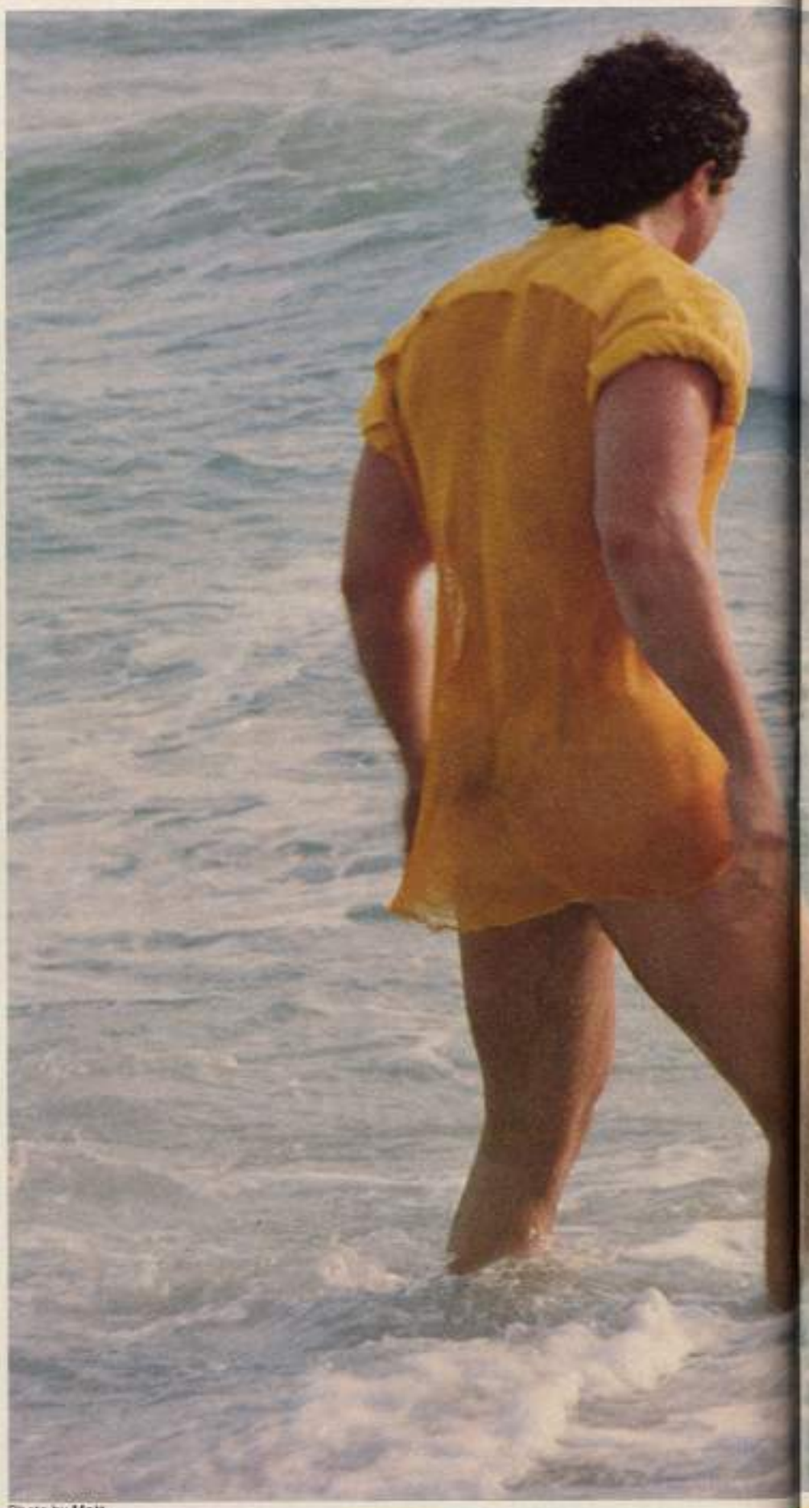
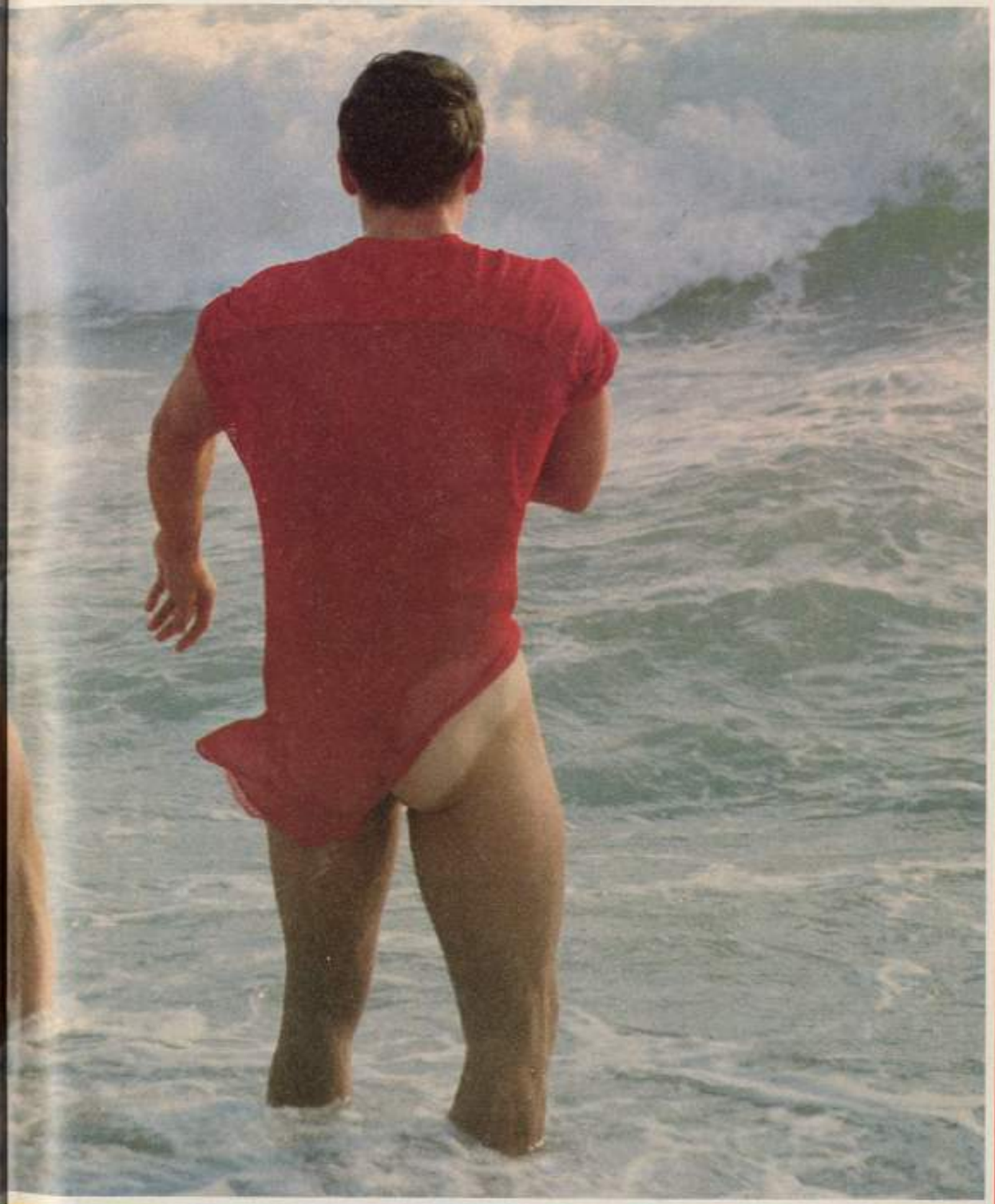


Photo by Matt



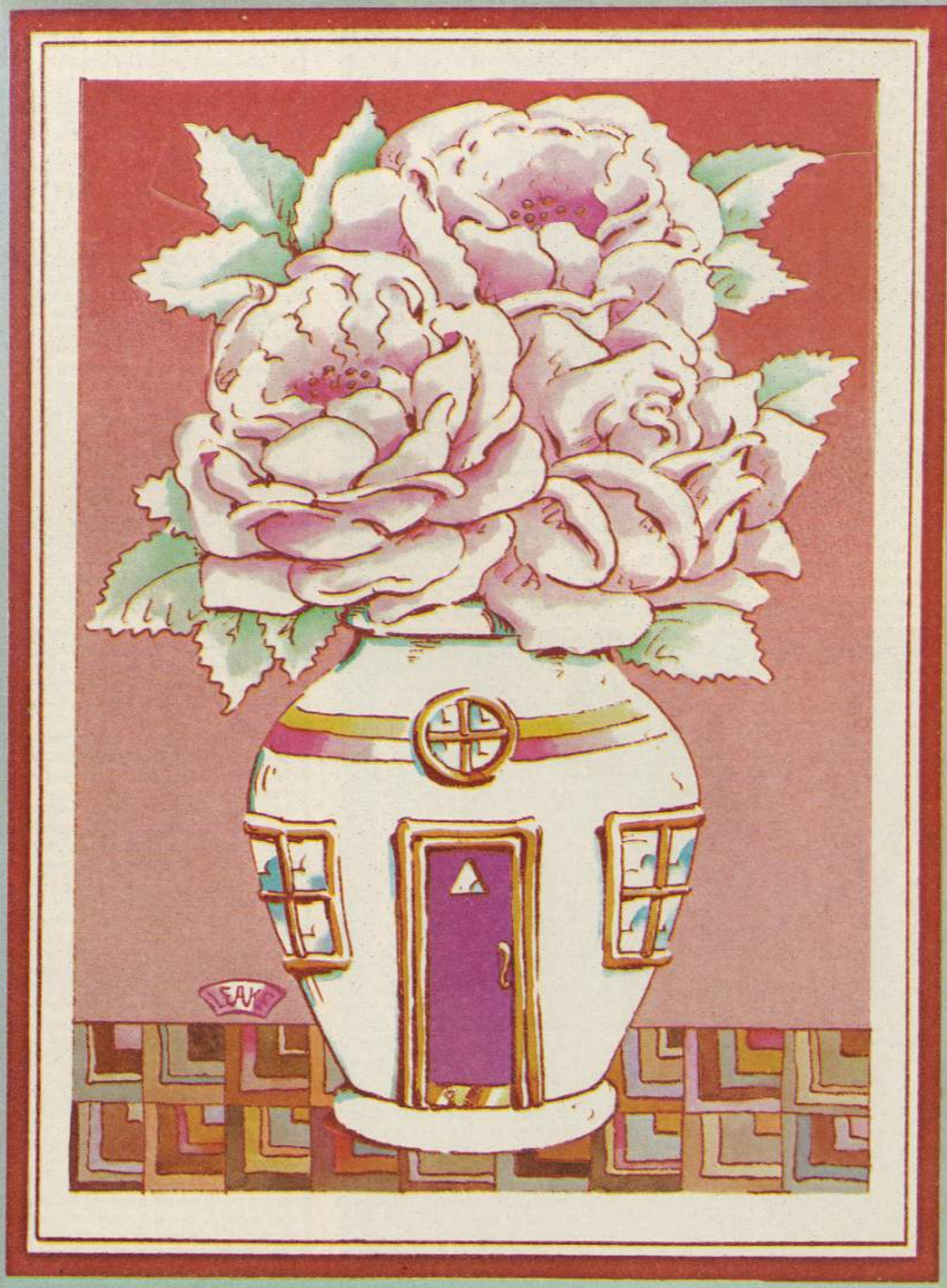
A PLACE TO CALL HOME

Wherever there are gays in large metropolitan areas, there generally are defined gay neighborhoods. In Soho and The Castro, in Houston, Atlanta, Boston and Seattle—all over the country, in fact—there is also an increasing trend toward gay housing: A world within the world.

BY PATRICK AGAN

For a long time now, the straight majority—sometimes with compassion, sometimes with humor, often with fiery speeches in election years—has referred to a gay neighborhood as the "artistic" part of the community: The local Left Bank or Greenwich Village. The bigger the city, of course, the more visible the gay "ghetto." Fabled Greenwich Village was perhaps the first urban neighborhood to attract large numbers of "non-conformists," with Brooklyn Heights and its yellow-brick-road promenade and spectacular view of Lower Manhattan a close runner-up—especially for 1960s couples who moved into 19th-century turreted townhouses after a courtship on Christopher St. In Manhattan's Upper East Side, long before Gay Liberation, one of the most fashionable addresses was number 405 on a street in the Fifties. Insiders called it the "four out of five" building—not because of the address but because of the number of gay tenants.

Today, though, things have intensified. In Soho and The Castro, and in Houston, Atlanta, Boston and Seattle—all over the country, in fact—there is an increasing trend toward gay housing: A world within the world. It's nothing new in New York (what is?), but as the trend spreads nationally, a look at a prototypical gay apartment building *(Continued on page 92)*



A PLACE TO CALL HOME

may provide an early warning system for domestic affairs in, say, Peoria.

West Hollywood, California has long been known as Boys' Town—a section of Los Angeles where gays and gay life are open and conspicuous. Comparatively reasonable rents and campy 1920s and 30s buildings are often gay-managed. While straight apartment hunters aren't discriminated against, a pre-rental inspection tour will often reveal a young blond sunning himself in a string bikini by the pool or a leather-jacketed biker working on his machine in the parking lot. This usually gets a message across.

Some might be turned off—others are attracted. In not every case, of course, does the attraction last, and sometimes the novelty wears off before the lease runs out. But invariably, the experience is memorable.

"This building has one of those fancy names from the old days of Hollywood," says Jack, a relative oldtimer who has lived in the same apartment ever since he and his lover Peter arrived from Lincoln, Nebraska, a year ago. "But we call it The Broken Arms. The stoves are older than God, the paint job we got when we took the place is peeling, but we love it. It's not just a place to live—it's a real home."

Before the move, "home" for Jack, a handsome insurance executive whose muscular, dark good looks contrast with those of Peter, a tall lanky blond, was a rented townhouse in a straight neighborhood back in Nebraska.

"I can't say we were ever oppressed or made to feel unwelcome," Peter explains. "In fact, it was just the opposite. The neighbors knew we lived together but they didn't think of us as lovers—to them we were roommates. We were invited to parties, cared for by mothering types who actually *did* make chicken soup, and occasionally pressed into service as escorts when a neighbor's cousin or single sister came to town."

Admittedly, Jack and Peter's life in Lincoln was discreet as far as their sexual lifestyle was concerned.

"Neither of us tricked around," Peter says. "We had gay friends—other couples like ourselves, in their late twenties. We rarely went to bars but we got together for cards and dinner parties, and we thought that was all there was to gay life."

Things changed when Jack's company offered him a transfer to L.A.

"*He* didn't want to leave," Jack reminds his lover with a smile. "We had friends in Lincoln—we didn't know anybody here. Peter is an X-ray technician and can work anywhere, but he was hesitant about pulling up roots."

After talking it over, the couple decided to take the chance. And when they spent their first L.A. evening at a gay bar, they got the word on where to hunt for an apartment.

"Later that night, at our motel on Santa Monica, I said "Why not?," Jack recalls.

"And I went along with him," Peter picks up. "The Broken Arms as we call it now, was the first place we looked at, and it was love at first sight."

It wasn't just that the tenants were gay, the couple explains. What appealed to them was the sense of fun, friendship and family they eventually found there.

"L.A. is a transient place," Jack observes, "and one thing Peter and I knew we'd have to learn to live with was feeling like outsiders. But here at the Broken Arms, it's like belonging to a club. The neighbors, from the drag queen down at the end of the court to the two bartenders next door, were better than the welcome wagon. Instead of just finding a place to live, we found friends. The fact that we're gay wasn't the basis for the friendships we've made, but it did break the ice, leading us to find other things in common. And unlike Lincoln, we're not the only ones on the block."

Jack and Peter's relationship was one that profited from a transplant to a gay building. Both men have thrived, grown and loosened up, and their relationship, they agree, is stronger for it.

Carl, a prop man at one of the TV studios, has another story to tell.

"I should have known better," he says with a sigh. "When I met David I was twenty-four and he was nineteen. I'd been to college, spent a year in San Francisco, and had been on a marathon to score all I could. I was ready to settle down, and with my job, I'd moved out to the Valley to be nearer to work and the kind of stability I decided I was looking for. One night I saw this gorgeous number in one of the bars. That was David-and that was it."

For a while it was bliss in the suburbs. Then David, an aspiring actor, wanted to move. He was too far out of the L.A. mainstream, he complained. He wanted to be closer to friends, and his agent. Reluctantly, Carl agreed to move to The Broken Arms.

"I wish I'd thought about it longer," he says now, still angry about it. "Back in Studio City, David was usually waiting for me when I got home. He went on interviews and auditions during the day, and unless he was working, which was rare, he had drinks waiting and dinner in the oven when I got back from the studio. We were happy . . . or so I thought.

"When we moved, it all changed. David didn't seem interested in work so much, much less in our marriage. He spent all day out at the pool, talking and drinking wine with a couple of 'masseurs'—a nice way of saying hustlers—who did their work at night. David's a very good looking boy and he's got a nice outgoing personality that appeals to people. He became an instant hit with the neighbors, and when he wasn't visiting them, they were dropping by at all hours to see him. All of a sudden David and I had no real life together and when I complained to him he argued that I was being unreasonable. It was hard breaking into his end of the business, he said, and making friends helped pick up his spirits.

"Then one day, I got an unexpected afternoon off. I came home and found out how friendly David was. He was in bed, *our* bed, with the two hustlers."

The result was an on-the-spot divorce—and a quick move for Carl back to Studio City. So far, he hasn't found another David, but he's on the way to finding himself.

Do gay buildings promote or hurt relationships? The more people you talk to and the more stories you hear, the more diverse opinions you'll collect.

In reality, David and Carl would probably have broken up wherever they lived, just as Jack and Peter would have grown closer. Not everyone, of course, wants a sexually exclusive relationship and "arrangements" have long been part of many successful gay marriages.

Bill, a salesman for a computer company, travels extensively. He knows that Larry, his hairdresser lover, likes to trick, and he's glad that Larry keeps the action close to home.

"We're both sexually active people," he explains, "and we have a need for other experiences. After five years of being together, it's something we both accept about ourselves. I'm on the road a lot and

(Continued on page 94)

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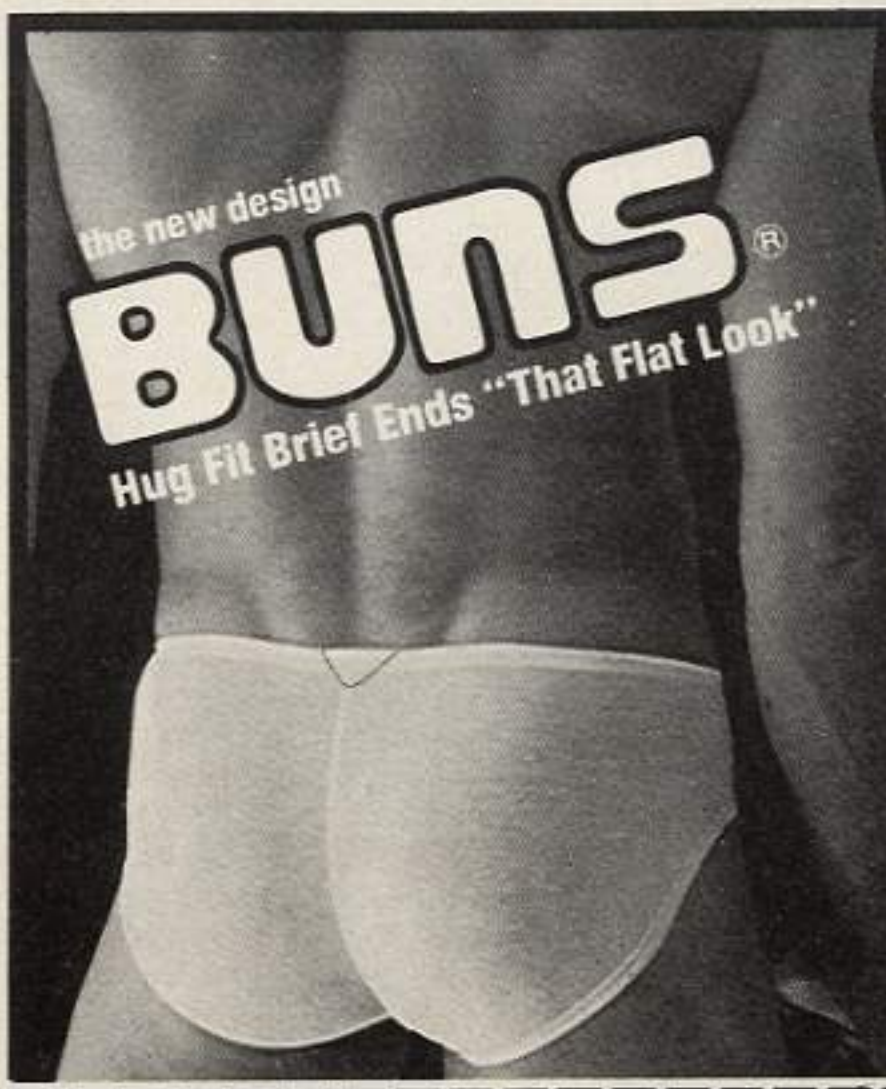

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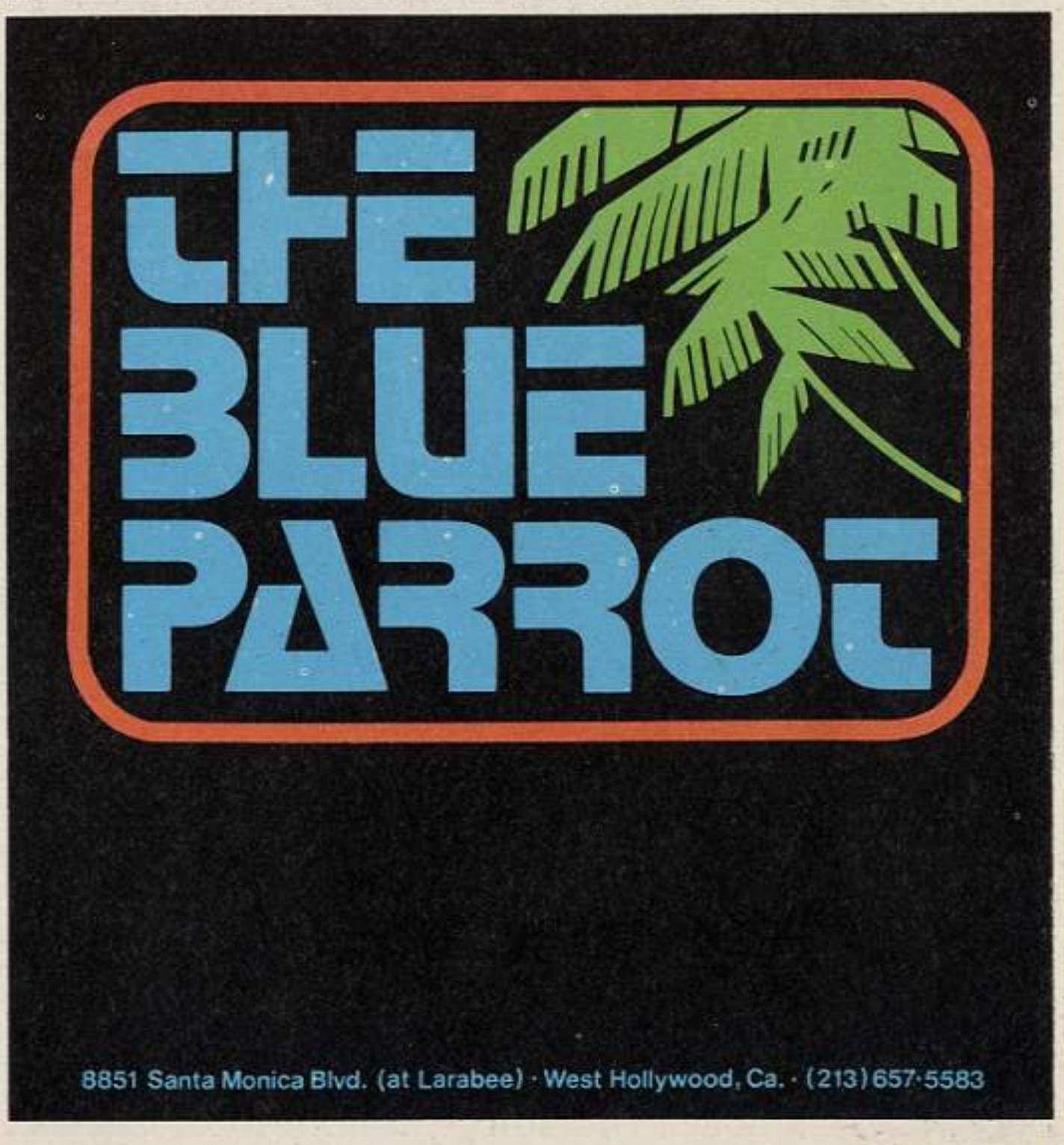

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(Continued from page 92)

I don't expect Larry to sit home and needlepoint another pillow. But I guess you'd say I'm the worrier of the family. You hear so many horror stories about people picking up guys in bars and getting rolled or beaten up or ripped off. Then, too, there's the car—Larry likes to drink when he's out cruising and I hate the idea of him driving home loaded. Here at The Broken Arms, Larry and I have what we call the Good Neighbor Policy; we both swing with other guys in the building, though he does it more because he's here more of the time.

"Jealous? No, I'm not and I'm glad. Between our neighbors and their friends, Larry can find what he's looking for without hitting the bars all night. And I don't worry when I'm away. Some of the neighbors—just a few doors down, in fact—are into group sex. We join in when they have their parties and when *we're* in the mood for it. It may not work for everyone but it works for us and that's what counts.

Though some gay buildings have more couples than single tenants (while in others it's the other way around), unattached gays, particularly those newly arrived in town, seem generally happy with the lifestyle. Mark, twenty-one and fresh from Oregon, explains why:

"In a bar you can always find someone to go home with or someone to talk to, but you can't make friends. Sex is the attraction, whether you admit it to yourself or not. You can be in the middle of what you think is a serious conversation and when the door opens and a new face walks in, the heads, including the one you're talking to, turn to the lighted doorway. Here, it's different. Sure there are people who want to make it with me, and I've made it with a few of them. There are only so many bulging swim suits you can resist, you know? But I've made friends—to talk with at the pool over an iced tea or vodka at noon, go out to dance with at a disco like *Circus* . . . or just spend time with.

"When I first came to Los Angeles I lived in a hotel in Hollywood. It was very lonely. Either I was by myself or went out cruising. Now I have a couple of friends who like to play backgammon, and there's one man, Jim, whose lover hates to dance. So Jim and I hit the discos together, just for the dancing, and it's great because the whole pressure thing of wondering who you'll go home with doesn't dominate the whole evening. I may meet someone I dig, and that's cool with Jim. But I'm able to enjoy the fun parts of gay life without so much of the pressure."

It would be wrong to say that it's all fun and games in a gay building—remember David and Carl? The tenants tend to be very friendly, and that can mean *too* friendly for some tastes. Or too frantic. Grace Jones played at the highest decibel level (likely in competition with Jane Olivor or Dolly Parton) doesn't make for a quiet evening at home. And often, evenings last into the mornings when some parties just go on and on. It's unrealistic to expect to like everybody and there are the usual feuds and squabbles involving everything from overloaded parking spaces to over-barking poodles.

One thing even the most devoted readily admit to is the soap-opera quality of The Broken Arms lifestyle. In its way, the all-gay building (like it's swinging straight singles counterpart) is a microcosm. Privacy is hard to maintain and you recognize the commonality of urban gay life.

"There's always someone who loves to dish the dirt—I've done it myself," Carl remembers. "If you have a fight with your lover, it's all over the building in a matter of hours and people end up taking sides. It can add a lot of fuel to the fire. Unless you're really secure in your basic understanding, it's very tempting to run down the hall and cry on someone else's shoulder, over a Margarita, rather than talk it out with your lover. It can make bad problems worse if you talk to the wrong person."

Secrets are very hard to keep, as one young doctor found out. A married man with a practice in Beverly Hills and a wife and three children in an expensive Brentwood home, he'd come to terms with his bisexuality and thought he'd found the perfect way to handle it. Renting a one-room apartment at The Broken Arms gave him everything he needed—a bed, refrigerator space for the drink he might want to serve a trick, and comfortable distance from his other life.

"I wasn't looking for a lover," he says, "I have a family already. But I need sex with a man and though I've mentioned it to my wife, it's something she's never wanted to discuss. She preferred to think it was a cocktail party joke. In other words, she pretended it was something we wouldn't have to deal with after the party was over. I figured it was worth it for me to have a bachelor pad—a place to screw, quite simply. I didn't bother to get to know the other people in the building, but I knew the building was gay.

"Then, one night, somebody who lives there bumped into my car while I was upstairs tricking. I didn't answer the doorbell. You might say it was 'inconvenient.' I didn't think much about it, but the fellow looked up my license and eventually called me in Brentwood, and he got Katie, my wife. By the time I got back to the house that night she was in tears. She'd learned about the apartment, and she questioned me about it. All the unresolved conflicts we'd been keeping under the carpet blew up in our faces and we had to confront it. I'm sure the news went around the building, and those gossiping queens must have had a field day." Dan, quite naturally, gave up the apartment and went back home. Has he found another one in another building? Nobody at The Broken Arms knows.

Poet Robert Frost once observed that "good fences make good neighbors." And there are a few people—very few—who today live quiet, self-absorbed lives. A writer who lives at The Broken Arms is seldom seen, although neighbors hear his typewriter going a lot. They do see him in the early morning when he swims, and when his boyfriend picks him up in what 2-A says is a classic tan Mercedes. Ironically his fences make him one of the most talked-about tenants, especially on a Sunday afternoon when the swimming pool is crowded with lounge chairs and everybody zeroes in on the people in residence and the transients of the night before.

And on those sunbaked afternoons, there's usually a "For Rent" sign hanging in the California (or Peoria?) sunshine. Who will next move into The Broken Arms becomes the question of the day as a new tenant just might evolve into another chapter in lives so impulsive that everyone at poolside says they could write a book.

Maybe that's what the guy with the typewriter is doing. 2-A thinks so, but 2-A also thought the two hustlers were legitimate masseurs. It took a stiff neck for him to find out the truth—an easier lesson than some have had in adapting to an all-gay lifestyle. But nothing particularly out of the ordinary at The Broken Arms. ■

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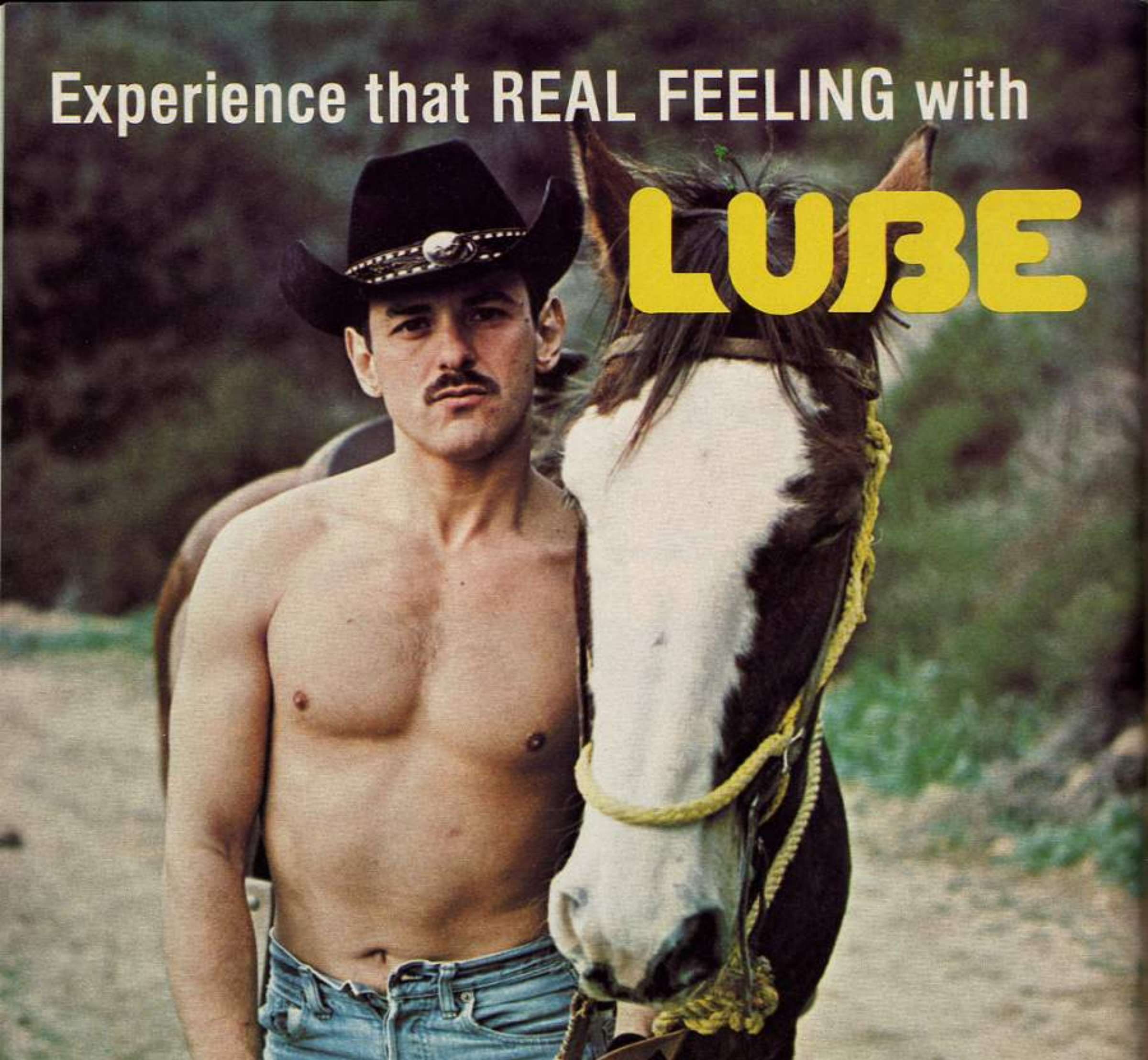

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WHERE ARE THE CLOWNS

(Continued from page 81)

B. "One of his friends told him of my terrific member—you know it, darling—and he got the consent of the Marquis de V*** to bring us together at a supper. Once there . . . a very fine arse turned my way and I was forced to amuse myself. I warned Dolmance of my bigness. 'You'll not,' he said, 'have the glory of being the giant among the men who have perforated what I offer you.'"

C. "The story of a boy's love for a boy will never capture the world's heart as the story of a boys love for a girl. (Or a boy's love for his dog; if you could tell *that* story again, this country would make you rich as Croesus!) Everyone in this country believes that to be happy you must have a two-story house in the suburbs and a family—a wife and 2.6 kids and a station wagon and a big dog and an elm tree with a tire hanging from it on a rope. The whole world wants to be like *My Three Sons*."

XI. Which character is a symbolic homosexual?

A. George, the professor, in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolfe?*
B. George, the hairdresser, in *Shampoo.*
C. Joel Cairo (Peter Lorre) in *The Maltese Falcon*
D. The Wife of Bath in *The Canterbury Tales*
E. The Nurse in *Lonesome Cowboys*
F. The Incredible Hulk, but only when he turns green

XII. Supply the punch line to these jokes:

A. In search of a new sensation,
By means of recreation,
The world was sunk
In a wave of gunk
_____."

B. There were strict rules on a pirate vessel about intimate fraternizing among the crew. The Captain demanded that any infractions of his law be reported immediately, and in compliance, the galley boy went straightaway to declare that the cook had been consorting with some of the other brawny seamen. "And how do you know this?" the Captain demanded. "I know," the boy said, "because _____."

ANSWERS:

I. A. Marlene Dietrich.
B. This used to be translated,

"There is honor in yielding to the good, or in an honorable manner," before the 20th century admitted what Plato never hid.
C. Oscar Wilde, before the invention of the zipper.
D. Eva Gabor, who learned it from her grandfather.

II. C. Fassbinder didn't say this, but he meant to.

III. All of them, and more. Answers B, C, D and E thanks to Susan Sontag.

IV. A. True.
B. False. He never said any such thing.
C. False. He only found it unnecessary to mention homosexuals.
D. True. Huck's huckster friend, the King, danced nude head-to-toe before hysterical all-male audiences. He also painted his body with strange colored rings.

V. C. No "Putzlicker Prizes" were nominated.

VI. E. Limp wrists, a fading stereotype that will probably confound future historians, was omitted.

VII. A. Lou Reed, "Walk on the Wild Side."
B. The Kinks, "Out of the Wardrobe."
C. David Bowie, "Width of a Circle."
D. Village People, the funniest musical group in the business, even though the YMCA doesn't think so.
E. The Sex Pistols, "New York." This was Johnny Rotten's way of paying homage to the New York Dolls.

VIII. A. *Screening the sexes*
B. "Come Back to the Raft Ag'in, Huck Honey"
C. *Moment of Torment*
D. "Football as Erotic Ritual"

IX. A. Tabbat, cartoonist
B. Lenny Bruce, 1961 Carnegie Hall concert
C. Woody Allen thinking thoughts of a reluctant sperm in *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*
D. Quentin Crisp, *The naked Civil Servant*
E. Fran Lebowitz, *Metropolitan Life*

X. A. *Myra Breckenridge*, by Gore Vidal
B. *The Bedroom Philosophers*, by Marquis de Sade
C. *Dancer from the Dance*, by Andrew Holleran

XI. E. Taylor Mead, "the Stepin Fetchit of urban faggots," played the faggot Nurse in Andy Warhol's *Lonesome Cowboys*. Everyone else in that movie spoofed heterosexuality.

XII. A. From mutual masturbation.
B. "The cook's cock tastes of shit."

This final category could probably have been omitted entirely, in the name of propriety, but it emphasizes the oral tradition, which is ultimately the method by which most (and the best) of the homosexual heritage is passed on. ■

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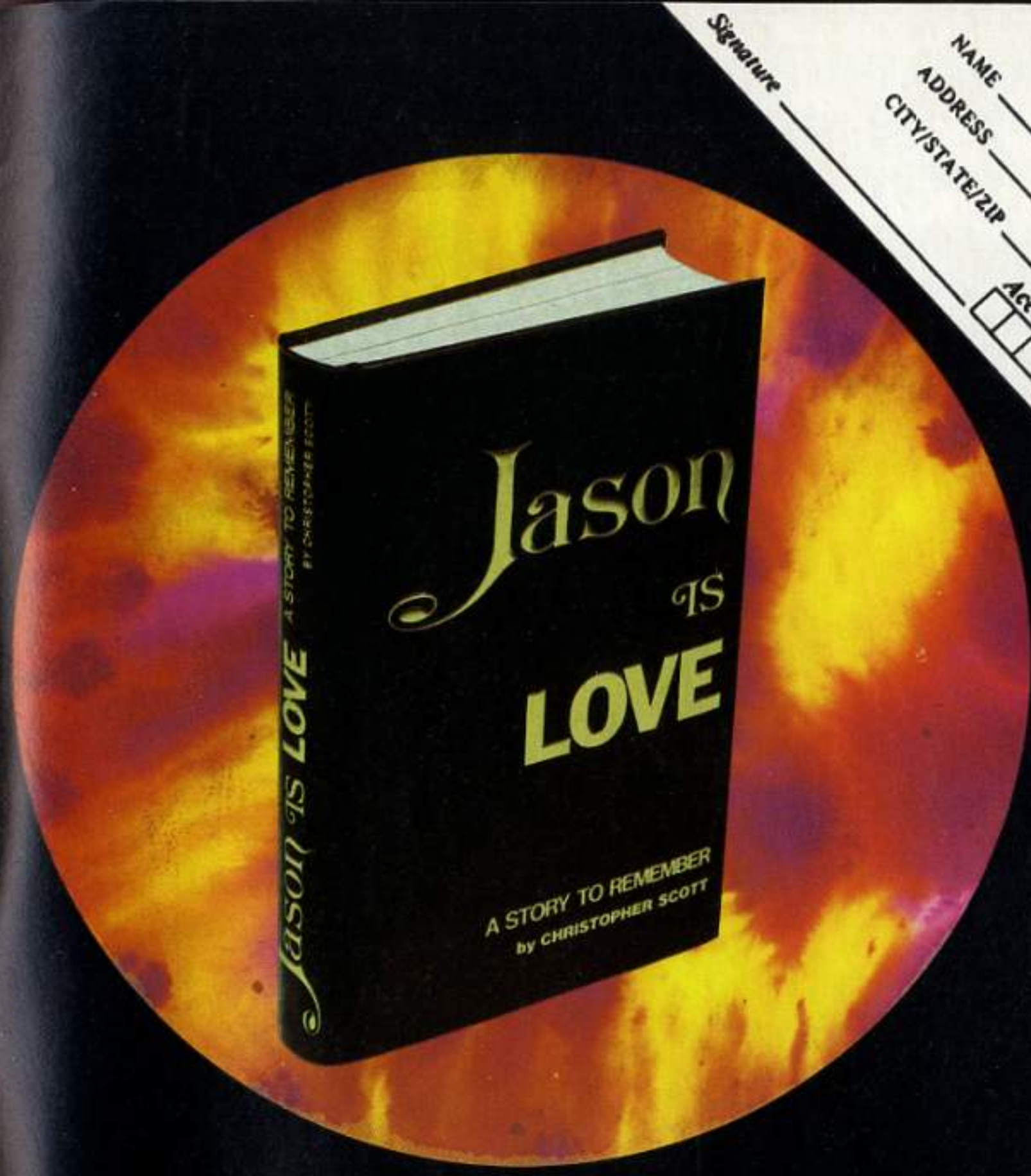

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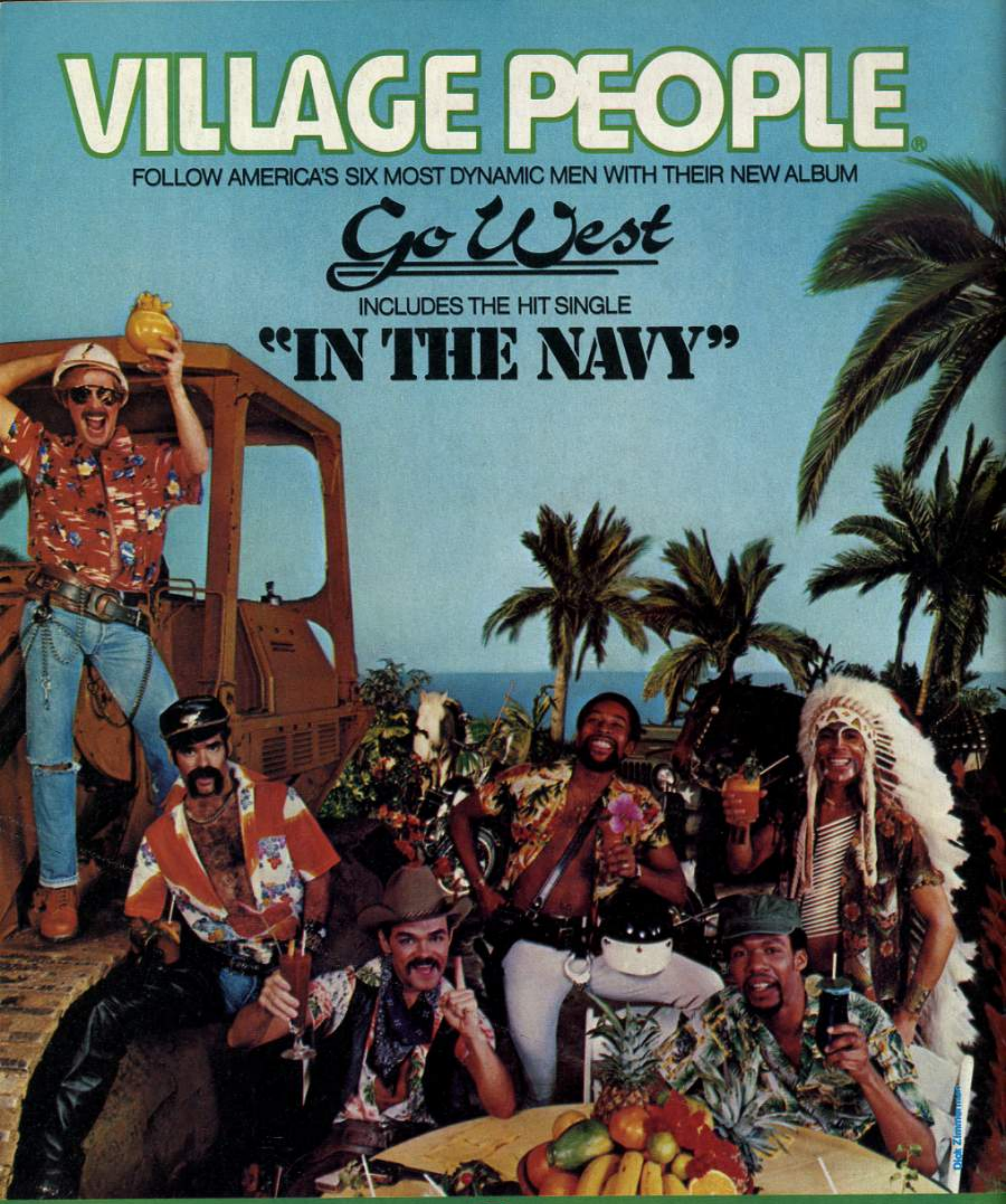

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